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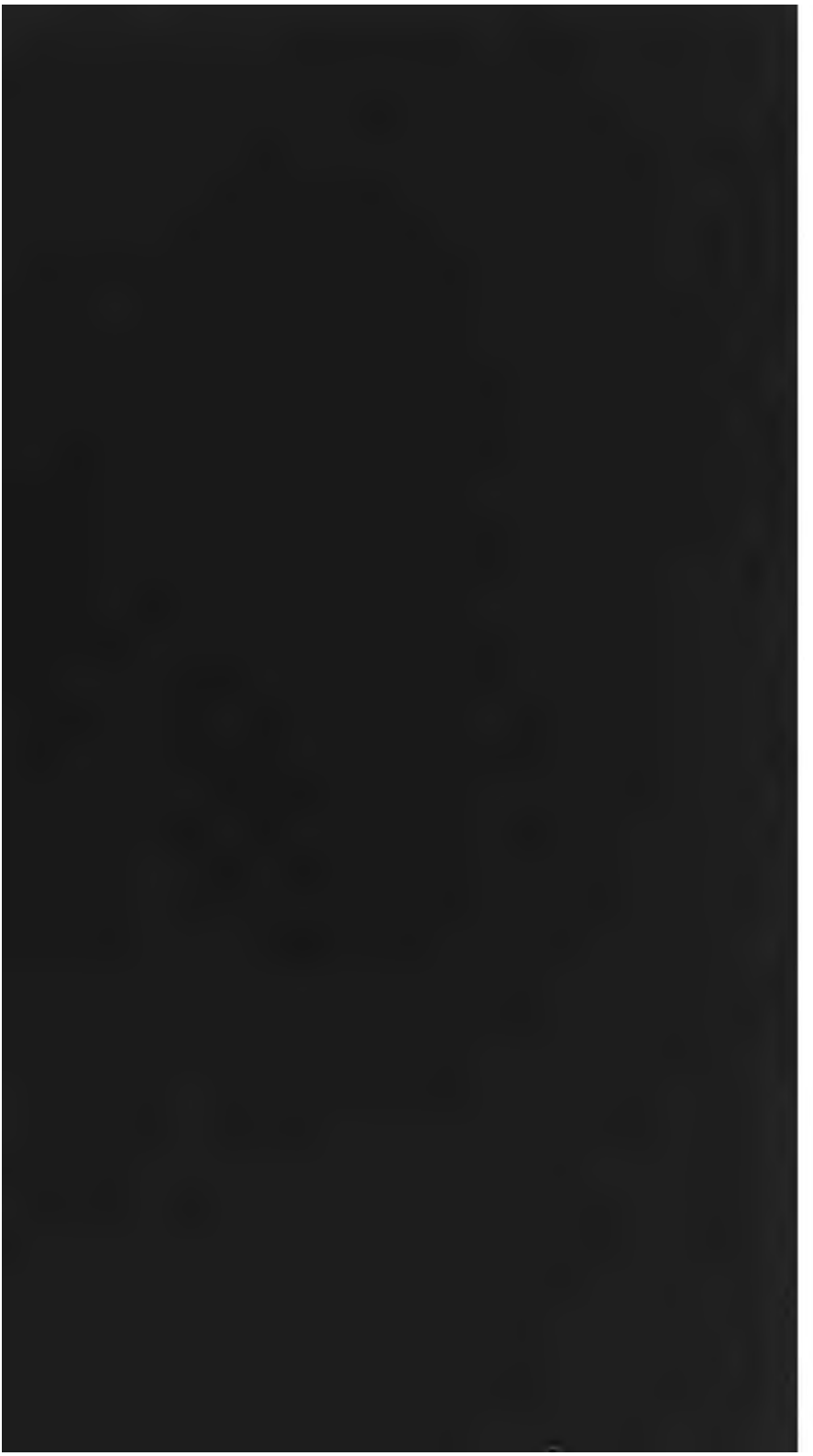

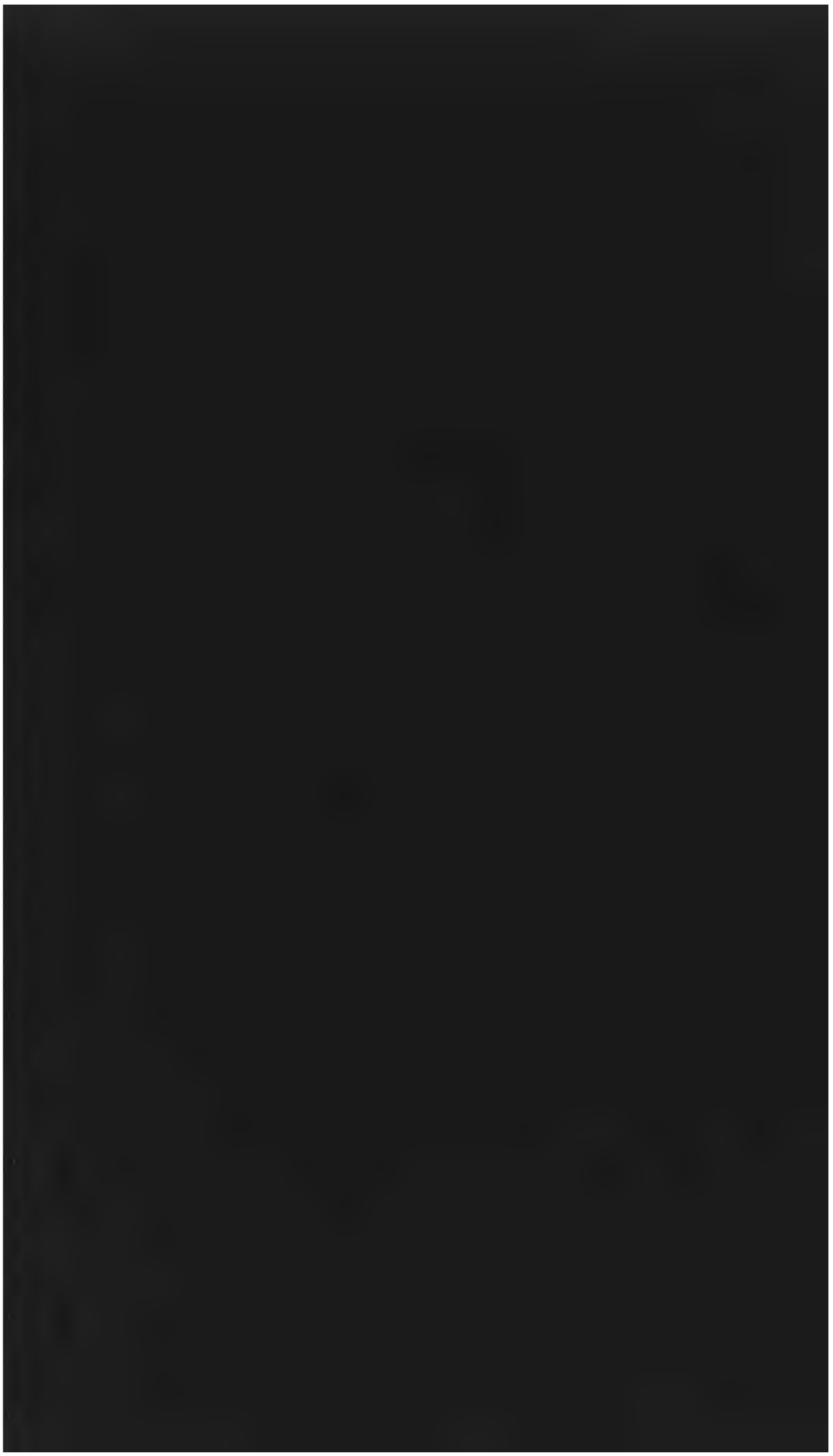

MY RECOLLECTIONS.

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VOL. II.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

FROM

1806 TO 1873.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

"Though far away,
Though ruthless time has scattered memory's dream,
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest, where all is changed, like islands on a stream."
BRYDSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL II.

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CHAPTER I.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT—NUMBER OF ITS VICTIMS—SPONGING HOUSES—HIGH CHARGES—THE TURF—ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER—A 'CUTE BARGAIN—MATCH BETWEEN KING HEROD AND ANTINOUS IN 1764—DUKE OF KINGSTON—DICK VERNON—THE MEDICAL ADVISER OF THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY—A CURIOUS TRIAL—REPEAL OF THE USURY LAWS.

CHAPTER I.

FEW persons living in the present day can be aware of the severity of the laws of arrest for debt some few years ago. It was in the power of a tradesman to incarcerate any debtor for an account not even delivered; and the expenses attending such an arrest often exceeded the amount claimed, and it appears by Parliamentary Returns that, in the eighteen months subsequent to the panic of December, 1825, as many as a hundred and one thousand writs for debts were issued. In the year ending 5th January, 1830, seven thousand one hundred and fourteen persons were sent to the several prisons of London, and on that day, one thousand five hundred and forty seven of the number were still confined. On the

1st of January, 1840, the number of prisoners for debt in England and Wales was one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two. In Ireland, the number was under one thousand, and in Scotland under one hundred. Here, a description of a sponging-house, where the debtor was conveyed until he was bailed out, or sent to prison, may not be uninteresting.

The Cerberus at the door, whenever a friend came to visit the captive, expected a fee before the words "Open Sesame" were given; the room in which the debtor was confined was strong in bolts and bars, and remarkable for its paucity of furniture. It usually consisted of two chairs, a table, a coal-scuttle, and an imitation organ, which, like the poet's chest of drawers, "contrived a double debt to pay," an instrument, to all appearances by day; at night, by a pantomimic process of touching a spring, it was converted into a bed. The prices at these sponging-houses were more expensive than those of the most fashionable hotels in London; a messenger cost five shillings, stationery was equally extravagant, and this, with apartments, attendance, hire of linen, plate, washing, eating,

drinking, and lights, amounted to an awful sum. Before, however, I proceed, I must offer a word or two of advice to the young gentlemen, just starting into the world, who may have imbibed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*—that there are hundreds on the watch for him—and that *he stakes* what is *certain*, against not only all other chances, but the rife chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! We are told that betting is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless, *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has lowered this department of sport in the eyes of honourable men.

What must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the 'New Sporting Magazine,' "that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race save one (Perion), was supposed to have been made safe, *i. e.*, safe not

to win?" After some very stringent remarks against professional bettors, Nimrod thus concludes. "The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients—namely, great knowledge of horseflesh, and astute observation of public running, deep calculation, or secret fraud; and that the last-mentioned resource is the base on which many large fortunes have, in our day, been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph!"

The old adage, "All's fair in love," is evidently equally applicable to the turf, as will be seen by the two following anecdotes, in the former of which the "biter was bit," and in the latter it was a case of "diamond cut diamond." The Earl of Grosvenor, afterwards first Marquis of Westminster, had a horse heavily engaged in the Craven Meeting, and a few days before he was to run a report was circulated that he coughed. But whence the report? A man had been hired by

a party to be all night on the roof of the stable to ascertain the fact, which he proclaimed. His authority, however, had been doubted. Another worthy was employed to perform the same office on the following night; which, coming to the ears of the trainer, was immediately reported to his noble employer. "Have we no horse that coughs?" inquired his Lordship. "We have one, my Lord," was the reply. "Then," said his Lordship, "let him be put in the stall over which the fellow is to pass the night; and if he does not catch his death from this cold north-east wind and sleet, we shall do very well." Of course, the odds became heavy against the animal, from the report of this second herald; and his Lordship pocketed a large sum by his horse, who won his race with ease.

Still later, indeed (the parties being no other than Mr. Wilson, in that time the oldest member of the Jockey Club, and the other a noble duke, then only a viscount), a very fair advantage was taken of a report circulated by means of one of those watchers vulgarly called "touters." Mr. Wilson was about to try a two-year old colt, and had entered his trial for the morrow.

"We must not try to-morrow, Sir," said the trainer.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"We shall be watched, Sir," replied the other, "and the old horse's (*i.e.*, the trial horse) white fore-leg will be sure to let out the cat."

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Wilson, "I shall be at the stable before you go out with the horses."

Coming prepared with the materials for the purpose, he painted the white fore-leg of the old horse black, and the fellow one of the colt white; and so they went to the ground. The old one, as may be supposed, ran the fastest and longest; but being mistaken by the "touter" for the young one, his fame soon spread abroad, and he was sold the next day to the noble viscount for fifteen hundred guineas, being somewhat about eleven hundred more than he was worth.

Let me now turn to some of those who may be termed the Leviathans of the turf, and whose speculations were gigantic. The Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to George IV, revived the turf, which had gradually dwindled down from the time of Charles II. But this was not effected without

an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and blacklegs of that time, by whom His Royal Highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. One of the heaviest matches of former days was run at Newmarket, in 1764, between his famous horse King Herod, and the Duke of Grafton's Antinous for one thousand pounds a side, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of one hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense.

To protect the grass in Hampton Court Palace and Kew Gardens, a notice appears warning the public to "keep off the turf," and however desirable it may be to avoid the green sward that Nature has given us, it is a hundred fold more necessary to follow the injunction in its literal sense and keep off the *turf*, whether at Doncaster, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, York, Warwick, Brighton, Lewes, or Goodwood.

Many who attend races with the view of enriching themselves, commence with merely betting a five pound note, which, they say, cannot ruin them if they lose; but how often, when they do

St. James's Street were in the habit of importuning him for their petty arrears. Mason in his Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, thus refers to him :—

"'But hark! the voice of battle shouts afar,
The Jews and Macaronies are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they crucify James Fox.'"

I must here remark that the exquisites in those days were termed Macaronis, though Fox had no claim to the title. Horace Walpole alludes to the subject in a letter to General Conway, dated 31st of March, 1781. "As I came up St. James's Street, I saw a cart and porter at Charles's door — coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened his host of creditors; but, unless his bank has swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sop a piece for each. Epsom, too, has been unpropitious, and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing."

Last, not least, the star of the race-course of modern times was Colonel Mellish. No one could make matches with him, nor could anyone excel

him in handicapping horses. Of him it was said "*Nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" At one time he had thirty-eight horses in training; seventeen coach horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we state that he would play to the extent of forty thousand pounds at a sitting—he having upon one occasion staked that sum upon a throw—it will not be a matter of surprise that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands, as did many of the estates of the above-named worthies and unworthies of the turf. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his wife, but he had the painful recollection of having by his imprudence sacrificed the old home which had been the pride of his forefathers and himself, and which, to add to the poignancy of his grief, was within sight of the humble tenement he occupied.

If I have made out my case that through gaming and extravagance the estates of many of our nobles have passed into other hands, if I

have proved that a large portion of the aristocracy have squandered away their money at the hazard table or on the turf, I have said enough to show that the primary object of primogeniture has been abandoned by those bound to support it, and that, should the law be altered, they alone will be answerable for such a change. I trust that such will never be the case, and that the ancestral homes of England will pass from generation to generation to the head of the family.

When travelling through Alnwick last Winter, my attention was directed to the following inscription on an ancient building :—

"That which your father old hath purchased, and left
You to possess, do you dearly hold, to show his worthines.
"M. W. 1714."

It would be well if the above was emblazoned in letters of gold upon all hereditary mansions.

One word on the Repeal of the Usury Laws. These usury laws, having been found prejudicial to commerce, were totally removed by 17 and 18 Victoria, c. 90, 1854. Usury was forbidden by Parliament in 1341. Two shillings per week were given for a loan of £20 in 1260. This was at the rate of £26 per annum for one

hundred less by thirty per cent than the interest now charged by money-lenders. Until the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. By the 37th of Henry VIII, the interest was fixed at ten per cent. This statute was repealed by Edward VI., but re-enacted by Elizabeth. The statute of James I. reduced interest to eight per cent, and it having been lowered during the usurpation to six per cent, the same reduction was re-enacted after the Restoration; and lastly, it was reduced by Anne to five per cent. To judge by a recent case in Chancery, I think some limit ought to be put to exorbitant interest, but to discuss that question would occupy more space than I can devote to it.

CHAPTER II.

GOODWOOD RACES—THF CHICHESTER LIBRARIAN—A CHICHESTER NEWSPAPER IN 1802—THE RACES AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY ARE—DUEL BETWEEN THE FOURTH DUKE OF RICHMOND AND THE DUKE OF YORK—THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the exception of about eight Meetings (when I was abroad), I have attended what was once termed "gloomy Goodwood," now properly called "glorious Goodwood," ever since the year 1808. Thus it would appear that I have passed six months upon that race-course; not a very profitable way of passing time, in one sense, but harmless in another, for though the days might have been much better employed—indeed I might have become proficient in some language in that time—my profits and loss were *nil;* for, like an old and most respected tradesman at Chichester, now gone to his long home, I never was a betting man. The above worthy once said to me, when I inquired if he was going to the

races, the cards for which were printed at his establishment, "No, my Lord, I never attend races, and never bet a farthing. Once, and once only, I wagered a penny bun on the Goodwood Cup, but with this stipulation, that if I lost I was to have the first bite." It would be well if many of our nobles, who have ruined themselves by "plunging," had followed the example of the Chichester librarian.

There may have been winners upon the turf, but in my own experience I never heard of one, and losers are as plentiful as the leaves that strow the celebrated Valley of Vallombrosa. I do not denounce racing as a pastime; it is one that brings together high and low, rich and poor, and encourages the breed of horses; but when the sport is carried on for mere lucre, when thousands are made victims to it, when "sweeps" for the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, tempt those who otherwise would not be gamblers, to risk their own, and too often their employer's money, and cause many to end their days by their own suicidal hand, or to be brought to the criminal bar, then I say, and fearlessly, that the turf ought to be discouraged.

Goodwood races, the most aristocratic, if not the most popular meetings in the United Kingdom, were established in 1802. In the Spring of the previous year, a meeting, got up by the members of the Duke of Richmond's hunt and the officers of the Sussex Militia, took place, and was thus referred to in the Sporting Magazine of April, 1801: "The new race-course on the Harroway, near Goodwood, is now completely formed for sport, and much admired by the acknowledged amateurs of the Turf."

The following notice, somewhat after the style of a penny-a-line cockney writer, appeared in a newspaper published at Chichester, May 5, 1802, "To the efforts of equestrian skill is to be added the princely and almost unprecedented munificence of the noble founder of the Goodwood Races, in providing the new-erected stand with a collation which might be entitled a general refrigerium; for the access was as easy as the reception was elegant and hospitable. The thanks of the county in general, and of this city, and its vicinity in particular, are largely due to His Grace the Duke of Richmond, for having thus munificently and liberally instituted an establishment

of most material local benefit in every point of view, both as a source of pecuniary advantage to the inhabitants, and as a means of forwarding to notice and increasing the consequence of this western part of the county. We can only add our wish that the illustrious founder may, for many years, enjoy in health and happiness this promising scion, planted by his own hand, a wish in which we shall be joined by all true Sussex patriots."

The Duke, who was then three score and six, lived only four years after the establishment of this Meeting, and it remained to his great nephew, the late Duke, to bring the races to their present state of perfection.

Every Duke of Richmond, from the first of that title, the natural son of Charles II., down to the present noble owner of Goodwood, has been a supporter of all manly sports, hunting, shooting, racing, and cricket. To the late and the present duke, however, are the "glories" of the annual race-meetings to be attributed. Established by the third duke, fostered by the fourth, and warmly patronised by the fifth and sixth, they have attained their celebrity. What

a contrast can be drawn between the meeting of 1802 and that of 1873. At the former period, provincial race-meetings were as different from what they are at present as the drunken country squire of Fielding's time would be from the polished sportsman of our day. The annual gathering on the Sussex Downs was looked forward to by every class, from the high-born aristocrat to the humbler tiller of the soil; the owners of mansions, of homesteads, of cottages, invited their relatives and friends for the week; while the steward, the bailiff, the huntsman, the groom, the gardener, belonging to the leading noblemen of the country, filled their respective residences with their kith and kin.

The grand stand, a small wooden building with a thatched roof, was occupied by the principal families of the neighbourhood; while the yeoman, the farmer, the labourer, and the tradesman, with their buxom wives and ruddy-cheeked daughters, took up their stations in every sort of vehicle, or on horseback, opposite the winning-post. Champagne luncheons were unknown, and the luxuries of claret cup and Wenham Lake ice were as little thought of as a *terrine de foie gras*,

or a glass of Chartreuse, is sought after by a boor in the jungles of Africa, or an Illinois Indian in the wild forests of North America. A sandwich, a crust of bread, and a piece of cheese, with a glass of old October, formed the mid-day repast of the upper ten thousand, while their wives and daughters partook of cake, fruit, and cowslip wine. A sweepstake of a guinea each, a silver cup, a farmer's plate, and a hunter's stakes, with perhaps a match or two, owners on, furnished sport for the two days; and as there were usually three or four heats for each race, the quantity, if not the quality, of the contests was as great as it is in the present day. A race ordinary, which was furnished with venison by some liberal member of the turf, took place on the first and second day of the Meeting, when a considerable quantity of strong beer, sherry, port, and punch "was drunk upon the premises," as were many of the party. Matches were made for the following day, stewards for the ensuing year were named, the old stewards proposed the new stewards' health, a compliment which was reciprocated, and headache and heart-burn were the natural consequences of the extraordinary orgies.

A ball at the Town Hall at Chichester, on the second day, furnished amusement to the fairer sex, albeit many a dancing man staggered into the room, "Bacchi plenus," from the ordinary, rolling about like a porpoise in a storm, much to the annoyance of the soberer party. After an innumerable quantity of country-dances, cotillons, and Sir Roger de Coverley—for quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and galops had not then been imported—a sitting-down supper was announced, when loyal and patriotic toasts, including the health of the ladies, were drunk in three times three, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the somewhat vociferous gentlemen.

Such were the humours of Goodwood races at the commencement of the present century, a scene which the march of improvement, aided by the introduction of the rail, has completely altered. Now, in addition to the families of the county, thousands of well-dressed ladies appear on the enclosure from all parts of the country, the Stand is honoured by the presence of Royalty, and the course is thronged with men of all classes. The number of horses, the value of the prizes, are increased a hundredfold, and instead

of the old-fashioned cup with two handles, or the common-looking tankard, there are pieces of plate conspicuous for classic and artistic art. Instead, too, of the primitive luncheons we have referred to, the entire back of the enclosure under the trees appears like a large table, groaning (as the newspapers say) "under the weight of the delicacies of the season." The luncheons on the top of the "drags," where claret and champagne cups flow freely, prove that gastronomy is on the ascendant at Goodwood. Thousands of pounds are now risked, where a guinea, a new hat, the price of a tavern dinner, were wont to be the usual wagers. Race ordinaries no longer exist, and men go sober to the ball or carpet dance, got up at the respective country-houses, to walk through a quadrille, whirl through a waltz, bound through a polka, or go "best pace" in a galop.

My father, the fourth Duke of Richmond, was extremely popular. His duel with the Duke of York, in which he shot off His Royal Highness's curl, has often been referred to, and many versions of the quarrel have been given. I believe the original cause of the quarrel was

that an affair of honour which was to have taken place between the third Duke of Richmond and Lord Moira having been satisfactorily settled without an appeal to pistols, it came to my father's ears that the Duke of York had said in reference to this arrangement—"The Lennox's don't fight." This naturally put him on his mettle, and he, probably, impetuously rushed into the quarrel, smarting under an imputation, which he was the last man in the world to merit. Whether such was the case or not I cannot positively assert. All I can record is that the Duke of York did not bear malice; for when the Quentin affair took place, and the officers who signed the "round robin" were dispersed into other regiments, my brother George was appointed by His Royal Highness to the 10th Hussars, then and now one of the finest regiments in Her Majesty's service. Nor did my brother's request to remain in the 9th Light Dragoons, instead of exchanging into the Prince's Own corps, meet with any opposition from the Duke of York, who during my late brother's life was a constant guest at Goodwood, both for the shooting and racing.

My father's death by hydrophobia is tolerably

well known, but even to this day it has not been ascertained whether it was caused by the scratch, for it could hardly be called a bite, of the dog or fox whom he tried to separate. The fox was unfortunately killed, the dog, which I brought home to England, never went mad.

The late Duke of Wellington was a constant visitor at Goodwood during the days of the fourth and fifth Duke of Richmond. As Sir Arthur Wellesley, the "hero of a hundred battles" had been secretary to my father when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and their friendship lasted until the death of the latter. The Iron Duke never forgot the family of his old ally. He appointed my late elder brother, my brother George, and myself to his personal staff; he gave me my cornetcy in the Blues, the first he had to bestow upon being appointed colonel of that distinguished corps; he took my brother Arthur by the hand, and forwarded his military career, and eventually appointed, when Commander-in-Chief, my nephew, the present Duke of Richmond, as one of his aides-de-camp, thus carrying out a friendship during three generations. Nothing delighted the great warrior more than passing a few days at Good-

wood, either during the race week or the shooting season. Although not devoted to turf pursuits, and never laying out a farthing on a race, His Grace seemed to take an interest in the Meeting and never failed to laugh heartily when the gentlemen jockeys of his day appeared in cocked-hats, to ride for a stake which went by the name of the Cocked-Hat Stakes. It certainly was a curious sight to behold Lord George Bentinck, the late Delmé Radcliffe, the Berkeleys, Pettat, Williams, myself, and others amateurs decked out in racing gear, leathers, boots, spurs, and silk jackets, with a headdress that reminded one of a chimney sweep on May-day, or Jerry, of race-course celebrity. And here let me offer a tribute to the memory of my late elder brother, justly called the "Farmer's Friend." Following the steps of all his ducal predecessors, he entered the Army at an early age, serving with distinction during the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns. After quitting the service, he preferred, as one of England's worthies, to pass his days unostentatiously in benefiting his fellow-men; and though the highest political offices were within his grasp, although his name and abilities would have en-

abled him to figure brilliantly in the bead-roll of our legislators, he considered that property has its duties as well as its rights, and devoted himself to a useful sphere of action, which has begun to prove itself of the greatest advantage to the community. To a large body of the public, the good deeds of the late Duke of Richmond are comparatively unknown. Historians are too apt to overlook the victories of peace; they charge their palettes with the most brilliant colours to depict the exploits of great generals and conquerors, but they consider it beneath their dignity to record the services of men who effect equally important conquests over the prejudices and ignorance of the nation, or furnish an example worthy of emulation by their peers. My nephew, now the head of the house of Lennox, has ever proved himself a worthy scion of a noble sire, and all parties in the House of Lords, differing as many do with him in politics, bear testimony to his upright and manly conduct.

In 1857, the trial of strength between England, France, and America imparted an additional interest to Goodwood, as 'Prior' and 'Prioress,' who came to this country with a great Trans-

atlantic reputation, and 'Monarque' and 'Florin,' not unknown to French fame, were to contend for this *cordon bleu*, the Gold Cup. Both parties were confident of success, and although the American red and white stripes were not successful, they well sustained the honour of their country. 'Monarque,' who had run third for the cup the preceding year, won it on this occasion, after one of the most exciting races on record.

Among other distinguished foreigners who enjoyed the hospitalities of Goodwood House during the races, may be mentioned the Count de Paris, eldest son of the ill-fated Duc d'Orléans; the Queen of the Netherlands, Monsieur Dupin, the owner of 'Florin,' and Mr. R. Ten Broeck, of New York. While upon the subject of the meeting of 1857, I cannot refrain from mentioning the high-mindedness and noble conduct of several American gentlemen, who, feeling that their names were unknown in England, expressed their wish to place the amount they risked in betting in the hands of some English sportsman of character. The above trait, added to the straightforward manner in which the owners of the horses

from the United States acted, was duly appreciated by all; and although Mr. Ten Broeck did not carry off the Gold Cup, he won "golden opinions" from everyone. The two Transatlantic fillies ran extremely well, under all the circumstances of the case; they had to contend with the horrors of a long sea-voyage; they had to fight against change of climate, food, and water; and one of them had recently suffered from a cough. To add to these disadvantages, the riders, albeit good jockeys, were not as much at home on the course as others who had ridden there for years; they did not know the difference of the ground, the nature of the turns, the sundry little items which, in the aggregate, amount to a considerable advantage. All I can say is that, if Mr. Ten Broeck could not "command success," he did more—he deserved it.

CHAPTER III.

YACHTING — ANECDOTE OF THE LATE HENRY IBBOTSON — DIRECTIONS FOR YACHTERS—ANECDOTE OF THEODORE HOOK —NATIONAL AMUSEMENT — HINTS TO YACHTSMEN — YACHT CLUBS — EPIGRAM — VISIT OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON TO CHERBOURG IN 1824—LOG OF THE CRUISE—HOSPITALITIES RECEIVED AND RETURNED — A MILITARY REVIEW—COWES REGATTA OF 1872.

CHAPTER III.

AS soon as the English Summer sets in—three hot days and a thunderstorm, as the libellers of our tight little island will have it—the period for yachting approaches. The London costume is laid up in ordinary, and duck trousers, pea jackets, pilot wrappers, Inverness cloaks, and "dreadnoughts" take the place of the well cut coats and pantaloons of Poole, or Hill Brothers, and the fashionable hat of Lincoln and Bennet. The dog-days and nauticals ought to commence together, for nothing is more delightful than to quit the heated metropolis for the balmy air and fresh breeze which are to be found "on the glad waters of the dark blue sea;" more especially as what is termed the "season"

is over, Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile are deserted, and the foreign nightingales who have warbled during the Spring amidst the floral beauties of Covent Garden, or its denser neighbour, Drury Lane, have begun to migrate to the land of blue sky and song. Happy, then, is the man who has a yacht of his own, or who has a berth on board one of his friends', and who can for a time find repose of body and relaxation of mind in the calm and soothing pleasure of sailing.

Now that the fine weather has set in, the yachtsman may enjoy his sail on the Thames, his cruise to the Land's End, or a trip to foreign parts. To river sailors, mud-larks as they are irreverently called, I should strongly recommend Erith or Greenhithe as the best moorings for their respective vessels, for Woolwich, Blackwall, and Greenwich are far from being safe berths; and the chances are ten to one that in less than a week your cutter will be fouled by a collier, run down by a steamer, your bowsprit carried away by a merchantman, or your boat stowed in by a billy-boy. Once on the deck, how delightful to find the river not quite so much choked up as it

is off the dockyard of Woolwich and hospital of Greenwich. The mention of Greenwich, famed for its good "Ship," its glorious "Trafalgar," and its whitebait, reminds me of a saying of the late Henry Ibbotson, than whom a kinder hearted creature never existed. Ibbotson was not a punster, nor an utterer of good things, and yet on the occasion referred to, he might have taken his rank by the side of Theodore Hook, James Smith, or the Reverend Sydney of that name. Ibbotson's attention having been called to the monument erected to the memory of the brave Bellot, he remarked, "That reminds me of Tom Bowling,

> "'Faithful, *below*, he did his duty,
> But now he's gone aloft.'"

Retrace we our steps to the polished deck, where you feel you have breathing room, as you give the order to unloose the foresail, mainsail, and fore-staysail; to haul out the jib on the bowsprit ready for hoisting, followed by the sharp command, "Hoist the throat and peak halliards well up, block to block; haul them taut; set the mainsail; hoist fore-staysail and jib; see them well purchased up, the sheet hauled

in and cast off; slack out the mainsail; haul in jib sheet on the port tack," and you are under weigh, with a strong tide, and the wind dead against you. This would not suit the Londoner, who, upon being asked his opinion of yachting, replied; "When it's calm it's tedious; when it blows it's dangerous;" but it is exhilarating to the sailor, be he amateur or professional.

In "beating up," great care must be taken, when sailing near the wind, not to sail too close, that the canvas may always be kept quite full. In tacking, the practised steersman will see that every attention is paid to the latter point, the mainsail hauled amidships, and the helm put gradually down; and here I must digress to introduce a story of Theodore Hook's, who declared that when the "skipper" of a noble schooner asked the owner whether he would like to "take the helm," he replied that "he never took anything between breakfast and dinner."

This anecdote has been told of the late Earl of Cardigan, but it is a libel on his Lordship, who, if not quite as good a sailor as he was a cavalry officer, knew too much of yachting to have been guilty of such an absurd mistake. When

the vessel is head to the wind, "Let fly the jib sheet" will be the order; if she is on the starboard tack, the port foresheet must be hauled in taut, which in nautical phraseology is called backing the foresail; and when she begins to fill on the other tack, the weather foresheet must be cast off, the lee and jib-sheet hauled in, and the mainsail trimmed. In the event of a sudden squall coming on, the helmsman must keep his vessel well full — I write of cutter sailing — that as the squall strikes her she may have good way on; he must luff into the wind as soon as it begins, as if she does not right at once, the jib and fore-sheets must be let go. If that fails, the mainsheet must be cast off, and a hand must be sent to stand by the fore and jib halliards, which must be followed by the order "Down foresail, in jib;" that is, if the gale increases. The mainsail must then be reefed, a smaller jib set, and with these precautions a seaworthy vessel may defy "Old Boreas."

As I write for all classes, from the experienced yachtsman who has crossed the Bay of Biscay, had a dusting in the Baltic, had his sails carried

away in the mighty waves of the Atlantic, to the tyro who has never been on any waters save those of Southampton, I venture to offer a few hints that may prove of value: 1st. When two vessels meet, whichever is running free must make way for the one close-hauled. 2nd. Keep a good look out a-head both for vessels and squalls. 3rd. Never leave any thing in the gangway, and keep the deck clear. 4th. In tacking or jibbing, stand clear of ropes' ends and blocks flying about, and take care that the boom does not knock you overboard. 5th. See that the ropes are all coiled up, the boat ready to be lowered, the life-preservers in their proper places. Lastly. Give directions that the orders of the steersman are promptly obeyed.

In bringing up, the anchor must be suspended over the bowsprit shrouds, and made ready to let go. The headsails must be lowered, the helm put down, until the vessel is head to wind, and, when she is fairly stopped, the anchor may be dropped. To make snug, the mainsail must be triced up, the peak lowered with the helm to one quarter or another, according as the tide sets. In again getting under weigh, the cable must be

hauled short, the canvas got ready to be set up, the anchor weighed, and if the wind is fair, the head-sails should be first set, and the mainsail afterwards; the peak should not be too high in running, nor the back of the mainsail fast, but slightly raised, to let the wind into the head-sails. In jibbing, which is one of the most difficult manœuvres a young sailor has to go through, great care must be taken to give the shore a wide berth, to see the mainsheet taken in, and its coils kept clear for running out; to trice up the tack of the mainsail, and, if there is a fresh breeze, to lower the peak. The helm must then be put to the opposite side to which the boom swings; and, on the instant the mainsail has traversed to the other side, change the helm to the reverse, and meet her. In taking up your moorings, great skill is required. Assuming the tide is against you, it will be best to round the the vessel about a hundred yards short of the moorings, and, when head to wind, lower the mainsail, leaving the headsails standing; this, with putting up the helm, will bring her head round again; then take in the jib, and, if she has way enough, the foresail also; and, with the

opposing tide, there will be no difficulty in steering the vessel so steadily to the buoy that it can be taken in with the greatest ease. I have seen steersmen who have been hours in accomplishing this end, and who might have exclaimed with the late Charles Mathews, "This buoy (boy) will be the death of me."

Yachting may, with truth, be termed a national amusement, and the feeling which begets the love of aquatic sports is innate, indigenous, if we may be allowed the term. The yacht is John Bull's toy, it is English all over, from the cat-head to the taffrail, from cut-water to stern-post. Long may our sea-girt isle maintain her proud supremacy on the ocean, and hold with undisputed sway the unapproachable position she has won for herself. Of all our national associations, of all the objects or purposes for which our aristocracy, and the wealthy and influential landed proprietors, have formed themselves into a collective body, for private amusement or public utility, there is no institution which has conferred so real a benefit on the country as the Royal Squadron and other Yacht Clubs.

The great advantage arising from the establishment of Yacht Clubs is the national principle instilled into the minds of a maritime people. The bulwarks of England were ever termed her "wooden walls," and though those wooden walls have given way to iron, we may still boast that "hearts of oak are our men," and may the day be far distant when that proud feeling withers or decays! The Yacht Clubs, by keeping alive this feeling, feed the flame of patriotism, and uphold with a laudable ambition our hopes, our honour, and our seamen. The number of men employed in our yachts is prodigious, and should occasion arise for their services being required to meet the foe and protect our shores, sure are we that they would one and all volunteer into the Navy, and prove themselves as efficient in war, on the decks of an iron-clad, as they now are when taking a peaceful cruise in the Southampton Waters.

While upon the subject of aquatics, I cannot refrain from laying before my readers an excellent epigram delivered by H. L. Randall, Queen's Scholar, at the last annual dinner given by the Dean of Westminster upon Election Monday,

Hæc in Fœdera veni,
Boat Race Dinner.
" Flumine jam pleno decurrit uterque phaselus,
Vina dat *exhaustis* Prætor amatus *aquis*."
Anglicè.
" In the height of their pride, at the top of the tide,
The 'Varsities' gallantly row;
The race is rowed out, and the Thames turns about,
And they feast with the Water-low!"*

The above gatherings are delightful, they bring old Westminsters together, and the recital of the "Carmina et Epigrammata" by the Queen's Scholars, proves that, if this ancient foundation has decreased in number, it has not degenerated in talent.

Here it may not be out of place to record the first visit paid by the Royal Yacht Squadron to Cherbourg on the 29th of August, 1824, which event created the greatest sensation both in France and England. But to our "log." "About one o'clock a.m., the Royal Yacht Squadron, under Commodore Lord Yarborough, sailed for Cherbourg with a fine breeze. In the evening, a thick fog coming on, the Commodore made the signal to anchor, and the Squadron lay all night off Lymington. On the following morn-

* Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Lord Mayor of London, 1873.

ing they sailed, with light winds; but an unusually thick fog prevented them from making the French coast until the morning of the 31st, when, on the day clearing, they found themselves within two miles of Cherbourg. On entering that port, Lord Yarborough made the signal "Anchor as convenient." On anchoring, his Lordship sent ashore a list of yachts, with the information to the French Admiral that it was the Squadron of the Royal Yacht Club, as they were then called, wishing to visit Cherbourg and anxious to pay their respects to him by firing a salute. On the return of the gentleman entrusted with the mission, the answer from the naval and military officers in command signified their ready acquiescence. At half-past one o'clock, the signal was made from the Commodore's yacht, "Prepare to salute, seventeen guns," which was returned from the fort with fifteen guns. Lord Yarborough then landed, and called on the Admiral, and also paid his respects to the General, the Mayor, and other authorities, and was received with the greatest courtesy and civility. The members of the squadron spent the day on shore mixing with the French officers, and receiving every mark of

CHAPTER IV.

MAY-DAY GAMES—THE ART OF BOXING—THE BEAR-GARDEN—BAITING A HORSE IN 1682—WASHINGTON IRVING'S DESCRIPTION OF THE RURAL LIFE OF THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN—COUNTRY LIFE—TAKEN FOR A "COMMERCIAL" AT GLASGOW—SALMON FISHING—GEORDIE MCALLISTER—LOSE MY WAY—A SPATE—NARROW ESCAPE—HINTS FROM THE LATE RICHARD PENN.

CHAPTER IV.

AND here what a contrast might be drawn between the sports and pastimes of England in the olden days and at the present time. Wakes, fairs, May-day games, are things of the past, never to be revived; whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the rural population I will not stop to inquire. May-day in London now is very different from what it was wont to be. A few ragged boys dressed up in tawdry apparel parade the streets, much to the annoyance of everyone, especially those who are driving or on horseback. In bygone times parade and jollity prevailed throughout London; the rich and gay visiting Hyde Park in their best coaches and liveries, and the next class Gray's Inn Walks;

but woe to the hawthorn bushes that are full of blossoms! They were condemned, like a gentleman in a fray, to be rifled of their gay attire by every mechanic. The play-houses in Moorfields, and the Bear Gardens on both sides of the water, were thronged with journeymen and apprentices, for whose entertainment were provided all kinds of foolery suitable to their capacities. Lions, bears, bulls, dogs, apes, monkeys, baboons, and prize-players (the most ridiculous beasts of all) were exposed to the censure of every twopenny spectator.

Fighting with the hands clenched is of such decided antiquity that it would be folly to enlarge upon that mode of resenting real or supposed wrongs. *Refinement* afterwards converted it into an amusement, and gladiators beat each other to death for the entertainment of the Romans, who probably left us the art of boxing, though one of their least valuable legacies. Vulgar disputes transmitted boxing through many an age; and now and then a brutal chief or feudal lord might be found to encourage it as a source of very peculiar pleasure. For instance, we find in the "Protestant Mercury" of 1681 the

following notice: "Yesterday a match of boxing was performed, before His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath done many before, being accounted (though a little man) the best at that exercise in England."

The Bear Garden is also mentioned in the same year. We find that the Duke of Albemarle, the Ambassador from Morocco, and others witnessed the death of several dogs. Fortunately for the character of our country, there is but one solitary instance on record of the deliberate torture of that useful and noble animal the horse, and that occurred in April, 1682. Notice was given in the papers that, on the 12th of April, a horse of uncommon strength, and between eighteen and nineteen hands high, would be baited to death at His Majesty's Bear Garden at the "Hope," on the Bankside, for the amusement of the Morocco Ambassador, many of the nobility who knew the horse, and any others who would pay the price of admission. It seems this animal originally belonged to the Earl of Rochester, and, being of a ferocious disposition, had killed several of his brethren, for which misdeed he was sold to the

Earl of Dorchester; in whose service committing several similar offences, he was transferred to the worse than savages who kept the Bear Garden. On the day appointed, several dogs were set upon the savage steed, which he destroyed or drove from the area. At this instant his owners determined to preserve him for a future day's sport, and directed a person to lead him away; but before the horse had reached London Bridge, the spectators demanded the fulfilment of the promise of baiting him to death, and began to destroy the building. To conclude, the poor beast was brought back, and other dogs set upon him without effect, when he was stabbed to death with a sword.

Turn we now to Washington Irving, who may be considered as the head of that numerous band of prose writers which the United States has produced during the last fifty years. He thus describes rural life in England: "The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-

houses, and cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens, along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals."

Unfortunately, since the above was written, many of the rural festivals have ceased to exist, and England can scarcely claim among the humbler classes the title of "Merrie England." To proceed, Irving continues,

"It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town, throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect around him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraint. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and shooting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves everyone to partake according to

his inclination. The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character; I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy."

After quoting from so good an authority, my object in this chapter will be to treat of country life and sport.

In the year 1836 my elder brother came into possession of Gordon Castle, and I shortly afterwards paid him a visit. Although I had often been in the Lowlands, this was my first trip to the Highlands, and delighted was I with everything

I saw there. An adventure occurred to me on my way to Fochabers, which I must record.

In the days I write of, railways had not been introduced in Scotland, and I therefore travelled by stage-coach and mail. Anxious to see Glasgow, I made that my first resting-place, and arriving at the "Black Bull," Argyll Street, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I inquired of the waiter whether I could have some dinner immediately.

"Certainly," said he, "the gentlemen dine punctually at half-past five. Please to follow me."

Whether, when wrapped up in a drab driving-coat, and muffled up in a huge handkerchief called a "comforter," I looked like one of those useful envoys of the commercial community irreverently called "bagmen," I know not, but he led me to the door of a room, on which I saw in large letters, "Commercial Room."

"Shall I hang your coat and hat up?" asked the obsequious servitor. "Your writing-case will be quite safe on that table."

"Disagreeable weather, Sir," said one of a party of four who were seated round the fire, and who made room for me, for it was what is

termed in Scotland a "moist day." After this hospitable welcome, I approached the fire, and soon got into conversation with the first speaker. At the hour named dinner was announced, but, previous to that, about twelve or fourteen men had joined the circle.

"As the last comer, perhaps you will take the vice-chair, Sir," said a gentleman who was about to preside over us. Of course I assented, and, when the chairman asked me whether I had any wish to express with respect to wine, I replied, "None." "Then," continued he, "we will have the usual quantity of sherry at dinner, and port after it." Nothing could be better than the repast, which was a good plain Scotch dinner, and the wine was far above the average of hotel wines. After we had imbibed a fair quantity, many of the party left the room; those that remained suggested that a little "toddy" would be agreeable. So, seated round the fire, an order was given for seven whiskies, hot water, sugar, and lemon. After a time, a certain degree of reserve that had partly chilled the *septemviri* began to thaw under the influence of the exhilarating liquid; and one gentleman turned to me

and inquiringly asked, "Pray, Sir, may I inquire in what line you are?"

Borrowing a reply which, if I remember right, I had met with in "Guy Mannering," I answered "The *steel* line," which was the nearest to the profession of arms I had recently quitted.

"Rather dull at present, but it will probably revive," responded my neighbour.

For three days I occupied the "travellers'" room, and certainly neither before nor after was I better treated. When paying my bill, I found that the prices were extremely reasonable, and I came away parodying a line of the "Magician of the North," and hoping again to be called upon

"To sit down and share
A bagman's welcome and a bagman's fare."

Anxious to visit Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, it was not until the fifth day after leaving Glasgow that I again found myself upon the box of the mail, bound for Fochabers, within a few hundred yards of which town Gordon Castle is situated. After proceeding some twenty miles it began to rain, and I got inside, when great was my surprise to find one of the "travellers" whom I had met at Glasgow. As I took my seat,

he seemed, to adopt a common but not very refined expression, completely flabbergasted, an appearance which was not a little increased when I told him I was going to visit Fochabers.

"Fochabers," he exclaimed, "and Elgin close by; I had hoped to have done a good stroke of business at both places."

At first I could not catch his meaning, and as the other two passengers were extremely loquacious, the subject dropped, though I could see my *vis-à-vis* eyed me very much askant. Upon reaching Fochabers, my friend said:

"I think, if you are going to stay here, I had better at once proceed to Elgin, there's not enough business for two."

It then flashed across my mind that I was looked upon as a rival in the steel line, and was about to set my inquirer right, when one of my brother's servants came up and said:

"The Duke has sent a carriage for you, my Lord."

Upon this announcement, the Sheffield man looked, for a moment, taken aback; but his "dial plate," as Sam Slick calls it, soon changed from storm to set fair. "I beg you ten thousand apologies," he said.

"Pray say no more," I replied, "I was for sixteen years in the steel line, the army; if during your stay here you will ask for me at the Castle, I shall be delighted to show it to you."

With this I took my leave, and upon the following day I showed him all that was to be seen; and, from a hint dropped me by the butler, I learned that the Sheffield man was as good "with his knife and fork" at the luncheon table as he was, probably, great in disposing of those articles.

Within a few hundred yards of the Spey river, I naturally turned my thoughts to piscatory pursuits; and having been in early life devoted to the gentle craft, from the time I first proved myself a "Triton among the minnows," by catching a tittlebat with a piece of packthread and a bent pin out of a washing hand-basin, I determined to fly at higher game, and, if possible, kill a salmon of some fifteen or twenty pounds. After passing a few weeks most delightfully at Gordon Castle, I proceeded to pay a visit to a friend in the North, now long since gathered to his ancestors, where I first made my essay at salmon fishing, for I was too great a tyro to commence on the Spey, and dreaded the laugh

of those more experienced than myself. As the estate I visited has long since passed into other hands, I do not give it "a local habitation or a name," but content myself by saying that, upon my arrival, I was placed under the hands of one Geordie M^c^Allister, one of the most expert fishermen of his day. In early life, he had been well known as a poacher, and almost rivalled the celebrated Donald Caird; for, like that redoubtable hero, he could

"Wire a maukin,
Kens the whiles o' dun deer-stalkin,
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward,
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird."

He had, however, fortunately in time,

"Wi mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;"

and had now determined, like another freebooter, Will Watch, though upon a different element, that "the laws he had broken he would ne'er break again." Geordie had reformed, and it was now his boast that he had a wee house

well filled, a wee bit land well tilled, and a wee wife well willed. With M'Allister, then, I proceeded to a favourite trout stream; the wind was south, which, according to the proverb, "blows your fly into the fish's mouth." After an agreeable ride, during which I anticipated a grand day's sport, and had already pictured to myself my rod bending under the weight of a ten-pound trout, I reached my destination, and was preparing my tackle, singing to myself the angler's distich:

"Then up, fishers, up, to the waters away,
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey,"

when I was horrified at finding the stream had been lately disturbed. I looked to my guide for an explanation. "Aweel, I think I can give a guess," replied Georgie, "it's just the dogs;" at the same time pointing out to me a pack of otter hounds returning from the part of the water where I had looked for my greatest success. Judge of my rage; with shame be it spoken, the agitated waters were not more ruffled than was my temper. I was, as the man says in the play, struck "mute as a mackerel," and certainly, at that moment, furnished an admirable illustration

of that surly pedant Johnson's definition of an angler, "A rod with a fly at one end, and a fool at the other." Determined, however, not to be daunted by my bad beginning, I made sundry attempts, all of which proved fruitless, having fished for hours without even stirring a fin.

My guide then informing me that within three miles there were several salmon pools, I lost no time in proceeding there; but here, too, my evil genius seemed to preside. The wind blew so strongly that I could not get my fly to lie on the water. At last, however, my patience and perseverance were rewarded. A salmon rose, and seized the gaudy bait. With what ecstasy did I play him, he darting and springing under the rocks, struggling to break my tackle; then leaping yards out of the water, to free himself from the fatal hook, till at length his wasted strength gave way, and I landed him, a fine salmon of eighteen pounds. Wellington, after Waterloo, could not have felt prouder of his triumph than I did at killing my maiden salmon. Delighted with my morning's sport, I devoted a great portion of my evening to reading Lockhart's spirited account of salmon leistering by torchlight, and upon the following

morning called M'Allister to my council. As my host was to be away the next night to attend a public dinner, it was arranged that, in defiance of the old Scotch law against " black fishing," my trusty guide and myself were then to proceed on our midnight excursion. A boat being in readiness, Geordie informed me that the large salmon were generally to be found in the deepest pools, and after some little delay he called my attention to one. " Tak' time, be canny, I would not for ten pound he got away." Unable to estimate the depth, I raised on high the " barbed spear," made a desperate thrust at the fish, which appeared to my inexperienced eye within reach, but losing my *equibilirium*, as I once heard it called, found myself taking, what in bathing phraseology is called, a " header," minus the spear and salmon. With courage somewhat cooled, and ardour damped, I thought of the sparkling hearth, and a glass of hot within to keep the " cold without," so sounded a retreat.

As my host was not to return the following day until dinner-time, I accepted an invitation to shoot over Glen Cluaranock—I give a fictitious name—where our sport was excellent. One hun-

dred and thirty brace of grouse, three guns. A real Highland luncheon awaited us at the bothie, where, after faring sumptuously, we filled our quaichs with Glenlivat, drank the *deoch an doruis*, and parted. Before I had walked a weary mile, the gathering mists of the evening beginning to darken the valley, I despatched M^c^Allister for my sheltie, which I had left at a byre, and proceeded, according to his directions, to follow a sheep-track. For some time I continued my path, but the sky became suddenly overspread with dark filmy clouds, succeeded by a grey haze; and a mizzling cold rain came on, which speedily increased to a drenching shower. I soon wandered from my track, and found myself upon a heather-covered muir, which would have made an excellent rendezvous for Macbeth's witches. Nothing was to be seen but its bleak swells of barren ground, interspersed with marshy pools of water, and an occasional clump of the indigenous tenants of the Highland woods, the mountain pine and gloomy Scotch fir. After proceeding for miles, drenched to the skin, in this Tam O'Shanter night, for

> "The win' blew as t'wad blaw its last;
> The rattlin showers rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;
That nicht a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand."

I found myself close to a dark peat moss, and the raging of waters told me I had reached the Burn. A small patch of swampy ground alone divided us, and I was about to cross it, when a bare-legged, red-shanked Highlander appeared on the rock, holding a torch of bog-pine.

"She canna gang that way, she canna cross the Burn; she's in a spate."

I had previously heard of a spate, but the reality beggars all description. The river, which, in the morning, had been the calm rushing of many streams, was now a wild sea, the boiling black water roaring and foaming from bank to brae. Hesitating how to proceed, and feeling myself gradually sinking in the miry swamp, green with treacherous verdure, the thought of the fate of Ravenswood in the "Kelpie flow," came over me; but I was quickly awoke from my reverie by the stentorian lungs of the Highlander:—

"Quick! quick! the bog is na abuve knee

deep, follow me to the Beallach, tak' tent to your feet."

Attending with some little difficulty to his instructions, I reached the pass, and making a desperate spring cleared the yawning chasm. At that moment the flat ledge of rock upon which I landed, gave way, and was hurled with a crash into the foaming abyss. Scrambling forward, I was seized by the bony hand of my hardy mountaineer. A minute later, I should have furnished the dreadful catastrophe writer of the morning papers with an awful accident.

For many years I was on the most intimate terms with Richard, commonly called Dicky Penn. He was a great friend of the Reverend R. Barham's and the Reverend Edward Cannon's, and often have we four started from London on a fishing expedition, of which more anon, Penn furnishing the dinner table at some wayside inn with the finest specimens of speckled trout, fresh from the neighbouring stream.

Few persons knew more about fishing in all its branches than the late Richard Penn, than whom a more honourable, or a more delightful man never existed. He was connected with that

Penn which the witty and beautiful Duchess of Gordon, with more point than politeness declared, "was a *pen* often cut, but never mended." In a small unpretending work, entitled "Maxims and Hints for an Angler," Richard Penn, in a humorous manner, gives some most practical advice, which, if followed by the lovers of the "gentle crafte," would prove of infinite service to them, and save many of the disappointments attending upon fishing. The motto to the book is from Bunyan, and most appropriate it is :—

"You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make!
Behold! how he engageth all his wits,
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets.
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine;
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do."

The author then proceeds to throw hints loosely out, in order, as he says, to provoke contradiction, and elicit truth from the expert. A few of his hints we will borrow :—

"If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait

any longer for him; you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come. If your line be nearly *taut*, as it ought to be, with little or no gut in the water, a good fish will always hook himself on your gently raising the top of your rod when he has taken the fly. If you are above a fish in a stream when you hook him, get below him as soon as you can; and remember that if you pull him, but for an instant, against the stream, he will, if a heavy fish, break his hold; or, if he should be firmly hooked, you will probably find that the united strength of the stream and fish is too much for your skill and tackle. If, after hooking a trout, you allow him to remain stationary but for a moment, he will have time to put his helm hard a-port or a-starboard, and to offer some resistance. Strong tackle now becomes useful. Bear always in mind that no tackle is strong enough, unless well handled. A good fisherman will easily kill a trout of three pounds with a rod and line, which are not strong enough to lift a dead weight of one pound from the floor and place it on the table. The stations chosen by fish for feeding

are those likely to afford them good sport in catching flies, viz., 1. The mouths of ditches running into the river. 2. The confluence of two branches of a stream which has been divided by a patch of weeds. 3. That part of a stream which has been narrowed by two such patches. 4. Fish are also to be found under the bank opposite to the wind, where they are waiting for the flies which are blown against that bank, and fall into the river. When your waterproof boots are wet through, make a hole or two near the bottom of them, in order that the water which runs in whilst you are walking in the river, may run freely out again whilst you are walking on the bank. You will thus avoid an accompaniment of pumping music which is not agreeable."

Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he is tired;" much valuable time and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can.* Everything depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail upon him to walk a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty after-

wards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner. Do not be afraid of filling your pockets too full when you go out; you are more likely to leave something behind you than to take too much. A man who seldom catches a fish at any other time usually gets hold of one (and loses him of course) whilst his attendant is gone back for something which had been forgotten. Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because your friends are tired; after a bright day the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments, you will not have good sport if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this; and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand, particularly if you do not wear gloves. In a postscript, the wittiest of *Pens* recommends that, when you accept an invitation from a friend for a day's fishing, you should provide yourself with everything you may want, as if you were going into an uninhabited country. "Above all things," he says, "take a landing net. Your friend's, if he has one,

is probably torn and without a handle, being a sort of reticulated shovel for taking fish out of the well of a punt." I once had the good fortune to pass a day with Richard Penn at his fishing quarters in Hampshire, a spot that would have delighted old Izaac Walton, and was charmed with my visit. The late Reverend Edward Cannon, and the late Richard Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," were of the party, and those who did not attempt to throw a fly were kept in a state of merriment by the witty sayings of these two; indeed, our host who had a passion for fishing often had his sport marred by some quaint remark of Cannon's, or by some pointed extemperaneous lines of Barham's. Upon the above joyous occasion, Cannon was appointed caterer, Barham and myself furnishing the wine and spirits, Richard Penn all the fish he caught. To make assurance doubly sure, our reverend caterer took care to order a fine Wood Mill salmon from Southampton, so as to ensure a dish of fish, which, with lamb chops and kidneys, sent up "hot and hot," and a lobster, furnished a repast worthy of Heliogabalus. After this "feast of reason" came "the flow of soul," and

CHAPTER V.

IT has been truly said that each country has its natural sport; England her hunting, coursing, shooting, steeple-chasing, fishing, and cricketing. Spain has her bull-fights, sanguinary barbarous spectacles, bequeathed by the Moors. In Russia the arena of sporting exhibitions is the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, where splendid sledging, and graceful skating is seen to perfection. In Germany they shoot and sledge. In Africa they hunt the lion. In Bengal the tiger. In Northern India, particularly at Caboul, according to Sir Alexander Burns, horse-racing is a favourite amusement, and the horses for the purpose are generally trained for a fortnight or three weeks preceding;

and they require this, for a race there is not a matter of one or two mile heats, but a continued run for twenty or thirty *kos* (forty or fifty miles) across the country, sometimes through morasses and rivers. The scene on these occasions is highly animating, as not only the racers, generally about twenty in number start, but the whole of the sporting assembly, perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty, accompany them at least for the first three or four miles. A judge has been sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return until the next day. The prizes are certainly worth some exertion; and in one case, when the donor was a man of good substance, they were as follows :—

The first and most classical was a young maiden (generally a Haryarah or Chitrali) both prized for their personal attractions; the second, fifty sheep; the third, a boy; the fourth, a horse; the fifth, a camel; the sixth, a cow; and the seventh a water-melon, the winner of which becomes an object of ridicule and banter for the rest of the Meeting.

In France they have now adopted our system of rearing and training horses, and have fol-

lowed our racing regulations. The Duke of Orleans' establishment, at the time I write of, both on the turf and in the field was admirably managed; and the Prince de Wagram, M. Henri Greffulhe, the Duke d'Aremberg, the Marquis de Vogne, and the Prince de Chalais were inferior to none in science and spirit. At the restoration of Louis *dix-huit*, irreverently called *des huîtres* from his love of those delicacies, also surnamed *le préfet d'Angleterre*, he established a royal hunt in 1815, and many a galop have I had with His Majesty's stag-hounds. From the 1st of April until the end of June, *la chasse*, as all sport is called in France, was carried on; during which time there was a considerable destruction of fallow-deer, wild-boars, and hinds. May and June having thus run out, the first days of July were devoted to rabbit-shooting at St. Cloud, at which Monsieur and his son, the Duke d'Angoulême, took the greatest delight, and at which, I can speak from personal knowledge, they were crack shots.

The hunting establishment of the Duke of Orleans was that of a thorough sportsman, there was none of the "pomp and circumstance" of

foreign royalty about it. I was fortunate enough upon one occasion to attend, through the kindness of the Count de Cambis, and a more delightful day I never passed. Leaving Paris at half-past nine for the Corbeil Railway, I found myself at half-past eleven at the place of rendezvous—La Croix du Grand Veneur. There I met their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, attended by Count de Cambis, General Marbeau, and accompanied by the Baron de la Rochette, Messrs. Ampèra and D'Este. Understanding from Lombardin, the huntsman, that a stag of ten years old (*cerf dix cors*) was harboured in the *bois des Seigneurs*, on the Orleans Road, about two leagues off, we proceeded to the scene of action. The hounds were then laid on, and a favourite of the pack, Venus, was heard to challenge in the cover, and in a moment after, a noble stag was seen to enter a small thicket of larch, crossing an open plain in the presence of the field. A welcome shout echoed throughout the wood, and away we went, horses and hounds, at a tremendous pace, through a beautiful open country. Some of the sportsmen were pressing too close to

the hounds, who had hardly settled on their scent.

"Hold hard, gentlemen," exclaimed the Duke of Orleans, "give them time." Passing the farm of Courbisson, we had a fine galop over the plain of Sermaige, and soon found ourselves near the banks of the Seine. Here a fine sight presented itself, the deer taking the water, followed, at no great distance, by his eager pursuers. They gain on him; and at first he seems inclined to meet his enemies; then, as if not liking the odds of nearly fifty to one against him, he,

> "Collects his strength, and, with a sudden bound,
> Quits the swift flood, and gains the solid ground."

"And there he goes for Villefermoy, fresh as ever," cried the master of the hounds, half mad with excitement. And now he makes for the rabbit-mound, a short but deep declivity, full of holes and covered with brushwood—up a rise of deep ground—then down the hill, on which there were several stumps of felled trees, to cross the river, with its deep and steep banks closely studded with willows. Then came a scene worthy the pencil of Leech, the rush at the river. The royal dukes and their staff got well over, while

the rest were plunging and wading through it, looking like water-rats, delivering sundry execrations at this *impracticable* river. No sooner had we crossed it than there was a cry from Lombardin, "He's dead beat." From scent to view was most exhilarating, and on the nearer approach of his pursuers he again took a small cover, and, as if to show what blood can do, he came rushing through it, thickly matted as it was, with the pack at his heels, and flung himself among twenty horsemen. After wounding a dog severely, and nearly knocking one of the *piqueurs* off his horse, he was with difficulty and no little danger secured. The run was five hours and a quarter, and the royal party were well up throughout.

It was now seven o'clock, and the Dukes found themselves more than six leagues from Fontainebleau, somewhat tired and hungry—both man and horse—for in every respect it had been a *fast* day. Riding up to a small farm-house, where they were less well treated than the great Henri IV., at the Miller Michaud's, they found nothing but stale rye-bread, some eggs, bacon, and a few bottles of sour cider. To this scanty meal I had the honour to be invited, and, as we were about

to make an attack on our fare, the Duke exclaimed in a serious tone :—

"A moment, gentlemen. 'Forbear and eat no more,' as the love-sick Orlando says, or rather, before we begin our repast, let us see the state of our purses." Everyone put his hand into his pocket, and upon joining funds they found that the whole resources did not amount to fifty francs. Thanks to foresight, the Duke de Nemours pulled out a purse containing five Louis d'or.

"Now, gentlemen," said his brother, "we may set to work, we've enough money in hand, otherwise I should have been obliged," continued he, gaily, "to have drawn on the royal bank for funds wherewith to settle for this splendid luncheon."

Upon asking what was to pay, the hospitable farmer replied "Nothing," adding that he felt honoured by the presence of such a distinguished party of chasseurs. The Duke of Orleans, before leaving, presented him with his riding-whip, which I have no doubt will be handed down as an heir-loom. While I am on the subject of royal fare, I must give a copy of an hotel bill, which shows that the innkeepers of the last century were quite

as exorbitant in their demands as those of the present.

The bill is dated 12th September 1762, when the Duc de Nivernois, Ambassador and Plenipotentiary from the Court of France, arrived at London to treat of peace. The first night after His Excellency arrived in England, he lay at Canterbury, where the inn-keeper's bill in the morning was as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Tea, coffee, and chocolate . .	1	4	0
Supper for self and servants . .	15	10	0
Bread and beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and punch	10	8	8
Wax-candles and charcoal . .	3	0	0
Broken glass and china . . .	2	10	0
Lodging	1	7	0
Tea, coffee, and chocolate . .	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage .	2	16	0
	£44	10	8

It appears that the whole company, consisting of twelve persons, drank mostly port wine; no wonder then that there was a charge for broken glass and china.

I now approach our national game of cricket. "Associations are the bees of imagination, and, wandering through all nature, may be said to distil honey from every fair object upon which they light;" so writes the author of "Darnley" and "Richelieu," and certainly there is no amusement that brings back the associations of the days, "the merry days when we were young," more vividly to our remembrance than the game, of cricket. In my "mind's eye" I see my first juvenile attempt at "tip and run," when hats piled upon one another formed the wicket, and I was as proud of my batting and bowling as if I had been a precocious professional.

I next picture to myself the fagging out system at Westminster, when my hours of recreation were devoted to standing "long stop" to some merciless master, who rewarded my labours by bowling at my legs, shying the ball at my head, and taunting me with the agreeable appellations of "milk-sop" and "butter-fingers." A bright spot now appears—the time when I was in the fifth form, and had fags of my own, forming one of the eleven "Town boys" against King's Scholars. Tothill Fields, now swept away and

garnished anew, was the scene of my glory, when, dressed in the extreme of cricketing fashion, a straw hat, light blue ribbons, flannel jacket, and white trousers, I fancied the whole world looking at me. I remember upon one occasion, before a dozen balls were delivered, a regular swiper, the *pila velox*, as Horace calls it, from a Herculean King's Scholar, cut me down (for in those days padding and whalebone armour were not in prospective existence), placed me *hors de combat*, and I was reluctantly carried off the ground, and placed under the care of my dame's housekeeper, to enjoy that then universal panacea against all human ills—a black draught. To quit the game was bad enough; but the greater hardship was leaving the dinner I had subscribed for, to be devoured by the hungry eleven, now reduced to a council of ten. Imagination then takes me to the Prater, at Vienna, when, during the Congress of crowned heads in 1814, I and a few English *attachés* showed the Austrians our national game. Then I am carried back to the park of Enghein, near Brussels, where, a month previous to the battle of Waterloo, were assembled as fine a body as ever bore arms, or stood more *bowling-out*—

the division of Guards. The names of many gallant spirits rise up before me; all of whom are gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns"—Maitland, Byng, Saltoun, the Woodfords, Reeve, Streatfield, Allix, Ellis, Lascelles, Bathurst, Macdonell, MacKinnon, Hotham, Bowater, Hesketh, Standen, and Hay.

My mind then wafts my ideas to Quebec—rather a "long hop"—where I remember scoring twenty on the plains of Abraham, and, higher up in the country, making one of an eleven within sound of the roaring of Niagara's cataract. The Falls of Niagara! I will spare my readers a description. "Why for?" as the Frenchman said. "Because, for the best of reasons, they are indescribable." Fanny Kemble—a name associated with the days when first:

> "I saw her tread the mimic scene,
> With true Siddonian grace,
> Ere yet the bloom of sweet sixteen
> Had flushed upon her face."

Fanny Kemble's description then, though it may appear an Irishism, is the best, inasmuch as it is no description at all. It runs as follows:—

"Oh, heaven! who can describe that sight?"

I descend from the sublime to the ridiculous; and give an extract from an American poem by Halleck, in which he recounts the sayings of a party of tradesmen at the Falls. Among the number was a New York tailor, the Poole of the Broadway of that city,

"The tailor made one single note—
Gods! what a place to sponge a coat."

Another Americanism flashes upon me, I give it in Jonathan's words: "Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon; twist the heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and bob for stars; get astride a gossamer, and chase a comet; when a rain-storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; if your house is broken into, bolt your door with a carrot; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; cross the Atlantic in a washing tub; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to describe our never-to-be-imagined wonder of the Universal World—Niagara! They talk of Etna and Vesuvius! Why, they may

be fine, but may I be teetotaliously exflunctified if our Fall would not put out their fire in five minutes!"

Before I conclude my remarks upon cricket, I must mention that, among the illustrious followers of this game, was George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales. Well do I remember seeing him take part in a match at Brighton when I was quite a boy. His Royal Highness, though he may have been considered the "first gentleman of the day," was certainly far from being the first bowler or batter; but, as Garrick remarks, "a little wit with a Lord goes a great way." There's an opportunity for a critic to make a hit at the writer of this—so it may be said, "a little play with a Prince goes a great way."

All that I recollect is that the Prince's "get up" was wonderfully neat; the white jean trowsers, the flannel jacket bound with blue ribbon, the white beaver hat, the fautless "tie," the silk stockings, the highly polished shoes, formed a costume that would have excited the envy even of poor Brummel in his best days. But how could it be otherwise when we remember that every first-rate tailor in London was anxious to

be appointed Epicosmecalosomatist, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I translate "body decorator" to His Royal Highness. Tailor sounds common; and really, in these days of refinement, when butchers, dairymen, and donkey-men are denominated purveyors of meat, milk, and asses' milk; when those who attend to the infelicities on the "feet fingers," as the Italian Countess called the extremities, dignify themselves into chiropodists and pedicures; when makers of squibs, crackers, and rockets style themselves pyrotechnists; when extracting teeth is termed dental surgery; when hair-dressers and barbers write on the philosophy of the growth of hair, and advertise "heads decorated and chins surveyed;" when a female advertises herself as "epileuse de cheveux gris;" when shops are designated repositories, emporiums, divans, bazaars, and Temples of Fancy; when we hear of the Absolutorium rectifier; the Exacuo and Metalometer razor-strop; the Antigropolos mud-boots; the electro-magnetic turning lathe; the Eukerogeneion soap; Ne plus ultra needles; Odonto Dentifrice; Balm of Columbia; Diamine ink; Photolyhon extinguisher; Oleum Pascens

oil; Pannus Corium boots and shoes; Tous les Mois, or Thulema grits; Rien-qui-manque Fish Sauce; Zoorzaka Oil for rheumatism; Fluide Renaissance for changing carroty locks to "sweet auburn," grey to black; when country gentlemen are denominated the squirearchy; shopkeepers, the canelocracy, (χανηλος); the wealthy, capitalocracy and plutocracy, I strongly recommend some neologist to coin a word for tailors (that is, if mine is not approved of), for artists of the class of Poole, Hill Brothers, Cook, and others who work on scientific principles, in contradistinction to the numerous host of snips and botchers, who realize Shakespeare's description, and furnish garments like that of Katherine which Petruchio thus denouuced,

> "A sleeve, tis like a demy-cannon;
> What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart;
> Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
> Like to a censer in a barber's shop—"

in short, cheap tailors, dear in the long run, who are only one shade removed from the ready made "Reform your Tailors' Bills," and the "reach me down repositories." It is almost a pity in these days, when slang and cant expres-

sions are used even in the most polished societies, that Chesterfield's advice to Doctor Johnson is not attended to, and that an appendix to the great Lexicographer's work is not added, containing the polite though not strictly grammatical words and phrases now so much in vogue. In France they have a "Dictionnaire Néologique à l'Usage des Beaux Esprits du Siècle," and another similar work, the name of which I forget.

While upon the subject of advertisements, I cannot refrain from giving one which appeared in an American newspaper during the Second Fall Meeting at Saratoga Springs. It ran as follows:—"Spanker, the property of Squire Samuel Stevens, of Spikerwalls, Saturday, September 17th, 1820, will be sold, or set up for sale, at Saratoga Springs, a strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, well-sized and shaped sorrel steed of superlative symmetry, styled Spanker; with small star and snip, square-sided, slender-shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps singularly stately; free from stain, sprain, spavin, spasms,

stringhalt, sciatica, staggers, strangles, seeling, sellander, surfeit, seams, strumous swellings, sorrances, scratches, splint, scurf, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, surbated, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped, and is sound in the sword-point and stifle joint. Has neither sick spleen, sleeping evil, set fast, snaggle teeth, sandcrack, subcutaneous sores, or shattered hoofs; nor is he sour, sulky, stubborn, or sullen in temper. Neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, or stupid. He never slips, strips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snivels, snuffles, snorts, or stumbles. Has a spry, showy, stylish, swish tail, and a safe set of shoes on; can feed on stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedges, or Scotch grass; carries sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke, over a six-foot sod or stone wall. His sire is Sampson by Sangrado, out of Spangle, sister to Sunset, dam by Sultan Solyman, out of Sally Sutton. Spanker won the steeple-chase sweepstakes and Subscription Plate last season at Scarmont. His selling price

is sixty seven pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence, sterling. He is to be seen at Squire Samuel Steven's stables, stall No. 1, at Shakerwalls."

The above reminds one of two famous alliterations—Vere Vereker's "Ode to Revenge."

> "Awake, armed anger, and arouse!
> Blaze, burning bitterness—
> Crush crouching cowards; conscience cows
> Dull dotards. Dark distress,
> Effulgent, eminent, expires,
> Flames flashing forth from furious fires."

And the celebrated one on the Siege of Belgrade,

> "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
> Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade."

Few gatherings are more delightful than the one that takes place annually at Canterbury during the cricket week. My first visit there was in 1857, and, being devoted to cricket and private theatricals, I anticipated a great treat. Arriving at the "Fountain," I could not help contrasting the state of the ancient city, as I saw it on a fine bright morning in August of the above year, with what it was before the rail had come into opera-

tion. I well remember the time, soliloquised I, when you could scarcely pass through the High Street without meeting a dashing carriage and four, a handsome chariot and pair, a neat post-chaise, or a well appointed coach; now all that is to be seen is an unwieldy omnibus, a tax-cart, an old worn out "pill-box" dignified by the name of brougham, and a few open phaetons plying for the station and cricket-ground. The yard too looked desolate, no ostler, no ringing of bells, no smoking posters being rubbed down, no fresh ones being trotted round, no cry of first and second turn-out. Engaging a lank, dark-coloured carriage, which might have fairly been called a blue-bottle Fly; I drove to the ground, which is beautifully situated about half a mile from the extremity of the city. The scene that there presented itself was one that can be witnessed only in England. The spot itself is extremely picturesque, surrounded on two sides by well grown timber, and on the other side by fields of waving corn, seen in the distance. The ground was in admirable order, and was marked out by flag-staffs bearing bright coloured pennants; tents and booths were prettily dotted

about; two of the former, belonging to the respective competitors for the honours of the day, and one belonging to the military stationed in the barracks, had their flags fluttering proudly in the breeze; a double row of carriages and horsemen were drawn up on the shady side; myriads of elegantly dressed ladies occupied the mossy declivity, while the humbler classes strolled about, or took their station on the emerald greensward. Two bands of music were stationed on the ground, enlivening all assembled there with the choicest airs from the most popular operas down to the *organ*ised street ditties; the sky, which was cloudless, added greatly to the delights of the day. As I entered the arena, the parti-coloured flag of "I Zingari" attracted my attention, and knowing many of the members of that wandering tribe, I proceeded towards their tent. An invitation to join the "Old Stagers" at their hotel was the result, and the hour of five named for a snug dinner, the performance commencing at eight. The cricket was excellent, the dinner faultless, and at a little before eight I was ensconced in a snug orchestra stall. It is not within my province to give a record of the performances of the "Old Stagers"

since the year 1842, although such a record would furnish much to amuse, and much to moralize upon. The joyous tone, the melodious voice of many an aspirant to dramatic fame is now, alas, mute and silent as the grave; the eye that once beamed and sparkled with delight shines no more; the *starry* hemisphere has long been deprived of some of its brightest gems. Still, although Time circles on, and many who once "fretted their hour upon the stage" no longer take part in the representations, their places are filled by others equally zealous in the Thespian cause, and the performance I witnessed can never have been surpassed. As a company, I found the "Old Stagers" far superior to any amateurs I had ever seen. I speak of them collectively as a body, for I have met individuals equal to some of their best. They were evidently men who, possessing every requisite for the stage, had laboriously studied the characters they represented. The *esprit de corps* that reigned throughout added greatly to their success, for not only were the most trivial parts most ably filled, but there was an absence of jealousy, and of that striving to produce an effect at the expense of a brother actor, which too often mars other performances. As the "Old

Stagers" act under an anonymous guise, it would be unfair to lift up the veil, so I shall speak of those I saw, with a few exceptions, under their *noms de théâtre.* John Doe, the manager, possesses every qualification for the stage—a clear voice, a natural manner, a graceful carriage, an unconventional pathos, and an attention to the stage business seldom excelled by a professional brother. The Chevalier Esrom is an extremely efficient member of the "general useful line" and is conspicuous for bringing minor parts prominently forward. E. Evans, Esq., as a low comedian, cannot be surpassed on any stage. Paul Grave, who is one of our most popular dramatic writers, is a great acquisition to the company; a considerable portion of what is termed "heavy business" falls to his lot, and he does every justice to it, combining as it were usefulness with excellence. John Young John acquitted himself extremely well, making the most of an indifferent part. Those who recollect the private theatricals at Campden House, Kensington, and the amateur pantomime at the Olympic and Drury Lane, need not be reminded that T. Knox Holmes was the very life and soul

of these performances. As an Irishman, he is quite equal to the late lamented Tyrone Power, and, as "Puff" in the "Critic," stands unrivalled. In addition to his histrionic powers, he possesses a voice, taste, and knowledge of the science of music, that would at once stamp him as an operatic singer of the first order, and I cannot picture to myself a greater treat than to listen to him in some of our best musical pieces, Macheath for instance, in which good singing and good acting would be combined. J. Lorraine Baldwin is, and most deservedly so, a great favourite with the Canterbury audience; he possesses a versatility of talent that is perfectly astounding, and were he only to deliver a message upon the stage, a shrewd critic would at once point him out as an actor of sterling qualities.

The play-going man, the reader of "Punch," will recognize in "John Noakes" a gentleman who is unquestionably the Colman and Sheridan of our day. His contributions to the above delightful paper are both in prose and poetry of the highest order, while as a dramatist he has produced some of the most popular dramas of modern times. The epilogues from his prolific

pen are full of point, and as poet, writer, dramatic author, and actor, he is unequalled. In private society, his extemporaneous verses are fully equal to those of the late Theodore Hook. Although as an "Old Stager" we are bound to give his assumed name of John Noakes, but as an author there is no reason why we should not proclaim him as Tom Taylor, Esq., and on the same principle remind our readers that Paul Grave, another successful dramatic writer, is Palgrave Simpson. I was delighted to see the name of H. Percival Esq. in the bills, followed by an announcement "his first appearance since his return from the East," where, I may add, his services were as distinguished in the trenches as his performances were brilliant upon the Crimean boards. This gallant officer, now a Sussex Baronet, has the advantage of good looks, pleasing manners, gentlemanlike bearing, added to an easy, agreeable, off-hand manner; all of which tell greatly in the "Beau Dunois," or young cavalier parts, but wonderful to relate, he is equally good in those characters immortalized by the late John Reeve; and his "Jack Hocus" in "Bare-faced Impostors" was as screaming a bit

of fun as I ever witnessed. There was no Bartholemew fair mummery, no broad caricature, no unmeaning "gag," but downright good low comedy acting. Sir Henry, I mean Mr. Percival, is an excellent singer, and his duet with Bill Stumps in the above mentioned after-piece was, as it was well merited to be, vociferously encored.

The Honourable R. Roe now claims my notice. Captain Channel, the character in which I saw him, is one that requires a first-rate actor; for it combines the bluntness of the honest tar, the anger of an honest man under a supposed sense of injury, the deep-rooted affection of a parent for his loved daughter, and the highest sense of feeling and respect for a departed friend. It is too often the case upon the stage to render a naval officer a sort of freshwater sailor, a nautical Major Sturgeon, one whose bluntness descends to coarse rudeness, whose anger consists of a spasmodic ebullition of blustering wrath, and whose feeling is made up of mawkish sentiment and overstrained tragic pathos. The Honourable John P——, I forget—R. Roe carefully avoids the above faults, and in him we find throughout the

devoted parent, the warm-hearted friend, the honest blue-jacket, and the high minded gentleman. A more intellectual and finished performance I never witnessed. An epigram of Theodore Hook's runs as follows :—

> "How curiously Nature her system has planned,
> That men's names with their trades should agree?
> There's Twining, the tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
> Would be *wining* (whining) if robbed of his T."

And if we were to rob Mr. O'Twist of his last letter, we should find a name well known and duly admired in legal and dramatic circles. I was about to digress in favour of his talented sire, who has bequeathed to us a literary legacy, the "Life of Lord Eldon," but must confine myself to the O'Twist of the "Old Stagers." If I remember right he made his *début* at the Westminster Play some seasons ago, when he gave promise of that excellence which has since ripened to maturity. In his hands, "Tom Heydey," which is generally performed in the essence of mediocrity style, was made a prominent part, and as the Vizier Mustapha he was as lively and mercurial as the late evergreen Harley, and as full of fun as the "hero of domestic merriment,"

Toole. The name of the Honourable S. Whitehead, own brother to the Honourable R. Roe, is the last I have to notice. For many seasons he has shed lustre on the amateur boards, and it is no exaggerated praise to say that his talents fit him to be ranked with the late Keeley, and other legitimate comedians on the regular stage. In Mr. Whitehead (how strange that name sounds after his real aristocratic title) I found no straining after effects, no vulgar appeals to the gallery, no low buffoonery, no horse-collar grimaces; he is content to raise a laugh legitimately, and, that he does so, no one that ever saw him act can doubt for a moment. To the above talent he adds a beautiful singing voice, thus combining what is seldom met with on the stage—fine acting and fine vocal powers. I attended the Canterbury Meeting again in the year 1869, when the cricketing was even superior to what it was on my first visit, and the acting equally good, the new theatre being a great improvement on the old one.

CHAPTER VI.

VISITS TO PARIS—RECOLLECTIONS OF TALMA AND MADEMOISELLE MARS — CENSORSHIP OF THE DRAMA IN FRANCE — ANECDOTES—ENGLISH ACTORS IN PARIS—CHARLES KEMBLE AS OTHELLO—PRESENTATION OF TWO SÈVRES VASES TO MISS SMITHSON—EDMUND KEAN—PUFFING ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

MY visits to France between the years 1814, when I first went to Paris as an *attaché* to Welliegton's Embassy, and 1865, have been numerous, and I have seen life there under many different phases. I have had the honour of dining with Louis XVIII, the Dukes de Berri and d'Angoulême, Louis Philippe, the Dukes of Orleans and d'Aumale; have been on friendly terms with Marshal Soult and other distinguished marshals of the First Empire; have known many of the celebrated dramatic artists of the day, Talma, Mesdemoiselles Mars, Bourgoin, Duchesnois, George, Messieurs Fleury, Brunet, Potier; have had frequent conversations with Talleyrand, Fouché, and other celebrities, and had I kept

a journal might have been able to record numerous anecdotes. Such not having been the case, I must draw upon my memory for a few incidents which I consider worth relating.

Talma I had met in 1814, for the Duke of Wellington had a private box at the Théâtre Français during that Winter; and through the courtesy of the director I was admitted behind the scenes, and into the dressing-room of the great tragedian. François Joseph Talma was unquestionably, in my opinion, one of the greatest actors I ever saw; his voice and action were well adapted for French tragedy, and no one studied what is termed the business of the part more than he did. Instead of remaining in the green-room, or standing behind the scenes ready to be called on, as most actors do, Talma would walk slowly up and down, practising the attitudes he was about to display; nay, it is reported that, just before he went on in Hamlet, he would seize hold of some supernumerary by the collar, and exclaim:

"Fuis, spectre épouvantable,
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable,"

in order to adopt a modern expression "to keep

the steam up." In "Orestes," he was as grand as John Kemble was in "Coriolanus." No one devoted himself more to the study of the author than Talma, and for days before he appeared in a new part, he would lock himself up in his room denying himself to all visitors. It was to this tragedian's persevering energy that the reform in costume commenced by Lekain was brought about; previous to this, Romans, Greeks, Turks, and Chinese appeared with powdered heads. In comedy, the actresses took their dresses either from "Le Journal des Modes," or, scorning all reference to the period in which the scene was laid, wore dresses of the time of Louis XV. or Louis XVI. Talma was the first to adopt the Brutus head-dress, and others shortly followed suit.

The representation for the benefit of Talma on Monday, March 21, 1825, at the Académie Royale de Musique, was attended by an immense audience, eager to testify their respect for the great tragedian. Notwithstanding the increase of prices, every place had been pre-engaged for several days, and pit tickets were sold on the morning of performance for fifty francs. The

be mentioned Miss Smithson, Charles Kemble, Abbott, and others whose names I quite forget. Among other performances during the month of September, Charles Kemble appeared in Othello, and the theatre was honoured by the presence of the Duchesse de Berri. His acting produced rapturous applause, except in the scene where he smothers Desdemona, when hisses and groans, both loud and deep, marked the decided distaste the audience had to witness the murder on the stage. The French critics, in those days, objected to assassination on the mimic boards, so that Horatius in Corneille's tragedy, when he kills his sister, runs after her and murders her in the side scenes, groans and shrieks from the *coulisses* being allowable, but the deed must be hid from public gaze. We fancy this mawkish sensibility no longer exists; for in many modern French dramas, we fancy, deeds of atrocity, murder, suicide, poisoning, are to be met with. Miss Smithson seems to have delighted the Parisian audience by her performance of Jane Shore, and this talented actress was presented with two splendid vases of Sèvres porcelain by the Viscount de Rochefoucauld, understood to

have been given by the Duchesse de Berri. Sorry I am to have to record an instance, a solitary one let me hope, in which the great Edmund Kean forgot the respect he owed to the nation who were anxious to honour his talent.

In 1828, the theatre was crowded in every part to witness his performance of Othello. Seven o'clock struck, and Kean had not made his appearance. Messengers were sent off in every direction in search of the "Moor of Venice," and at length he was discovered at the Café Anglais, imbibing draughts of champagne, mixed with bumpers of real Cognac brandy. His reply to those who sought him was an apostrophe a little too energetic to be repeated here.

"But the Duchesse de Berri has arrived," said one.

"I am not the servant of the Duchess," hiccoughed Kean. "More wine."

At length the manager appealed to him, and not in vain. Supported by two waiters, he was carried off to the theatre, was dressed, and shortly afterwards made his appearance, but in such a state of inebriety as to mar the beauties of Shakespeare.

Since that period, other English artists have visited Paris, among them the evergreen Charles Mathews, who delighted the audiences with his exquisite performances both in French and English. The French theatre in London has been greatly and justly patronised, and the breakfast recently given at the Crystal Palace to the artists must have proved how highly we appreciate their talent, and how anxious we are to claim *fraternité* with them. Indeed it would be most ungrateful if we did not show every kindness to French actors and French dramatic authors, when we remember how many of our actors study in their schools, and how many of our best plays are borrowed from the French. And here let me pay a just tribute of praise to one through whose exertions the British public are indebted for much enjoyment, I refer to Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, who has earned, and deservedly earned, a world-wide reputation by his courtesy and liberality, more especially to those foreigners who, though "they live to please, must please to live."

While upon the subject of theatricals, I may remark that puffing advertisements are not

confined to England. I give one that appeared in a French newspaper, dated July, 1833.

"Mademoiselle George is now travelling through the Departments of France, and exhibiting on their boards that rather extravagant mode of performing which is not always relished in the capital. She carries with her a kind of herald of her fame;" and this writer, in one of the journals, styles her the 'Queen of fine actresses—the most beautiful woman at present on the stage.'"

The following is the circular letter by which the Manager of the Theatre of Angers invited the chief persons of his district to attend the performances of this "Queen of beautiful actresses:"—

"Monsieur,

"Mademoiselle George, the first tragic performer of France, and of the two theatres of the capital, having been pleased to consent to appear on the stage to which I endeavour to draw the honourable public, I dare hope that you will deign to encourage my efforts by a tribute of admiration in favour of the most beautiful woman in Europe—

such a woman as has not her equal in all the pomp of her brilliancy. The pupil of Talma and Mademoiselle Rancourt, and above all of beneficent and generous Nature, in coming to see Mademoiselle George you will see at once Nature, Talma, and Rancourt. In the fine part of 'Semiramis,' she will appear with 100,000 crowns worth of diamonds. All the ornaments which she wears in that tragedy are precious stones.

"I present my very humble respects."

These puffing advertisements can be traced back to a far more distant period than the one just quoted, for I find from V. Fournel's clever work "Curiosités Théâtrales," that in "La Comédie de la Comédie," by Dorrimond (1662), two citizens, Leander and Lucidor, refer to a puff direct which has appeared posted in the streets. It runs as follows :—

AFFICHE.

"La pièce que nous vous donnons,
Mérite vos attentions ;
Ce sont les amours d'Ignorance,
Qu'on confond avec la Science.

Et de son brave Trapolin,
Qui l'aime autant que le bon vin,
De cette pièce on fait estime,
Tant pour la force de la rime
Que par la vigeur des bons-mots,
Qui ne sont pas faits pour les sots,
Mais pour la belle connaissance
Et les auditeurs d'importance,
Qu'ici les uns dressent leur pas,
Que les autres n'y viennent pas."

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND—THE RULING PASSION—TALLEYRAND'S EXERTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF NATIONAL EDUCATION — THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS' LOVE OF ENGLISH SPORTS — LE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS—THE EMPEROR IN THE ROYAL STAND — THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE FIELD AT COMPIEGNE—UNIFORM OF THE HUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the mimic boards I turn to one who acted no insignificant part during a long career in the drama of real life—I refer to Prince Talleyrand, whom I first met at Paris in 1814, and afterwards at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, when I was a rather youthful attaché to the Duke of Wellington. Young as I was, I could not help being gratified at the very affable manner of this great but wily diplomatist, who, when I was presented to him, shook me very warmly by the hand, and expressed his delight at becoming acquainted with the son of one of whom he had heard so much, and who moreover was a French proprietor, holding the rank of Duc d'Aubigny. However insincere, the Prince Bishop of Autun

of sport, caused him to be "wondrous kind." To his early exertions may be traced the height of prosperity which French racing has attained, and but for his lamented death he might, probably, have had a stud at Newmarket, as well as in France. Nothing could exceed the delight of the Duke when he was informed that he had won the Goodwood Cup with Beggarman in 1840, and his munificent conduct in presenting a piece of plate to that Meeting, and his liberality to his jockey, showed what a true patron he was to the turf.

I return to the dinner at Boulogne, which took place many years before the Duke sent his horse to the Southdown Meeting, to record an anecdote which shows his good taste. "There is to be a ball at the theatre next Sunday, to which I would forward you an invitation, but, knowing how strictly you keep that day in England, perhaps it may be more agreeable to your feelings not to receive it." I thanked the Duke warmly, saying that, under other circumstances, I should have been proud to be present on such an occasion.

There was no subject upon which the Prince

could not converse fluently; and his admiration for the country in which his family had found an asylum was unbounded. He talked of England with the greatest affection, and dwelt upon the happy hours he had passed in it. I once afterwards had the honour of meeting the ill-fated Prince, and when I read of his death I felt deeply the loss of one who, had he been spared, might have ruled over the destinies of France with advantage to that country, and who, during my brief acquaintance, had inspired me with the idea that he was a kind, generous, noble creature.

To those who knew His Royal Highness it would be superfluous to say that he was a prince of most polished manners, a gallant soldier, a friend to literature and learned men, and the illustrious patron of all that refined taste could produce to throw lustre on civilised and polite life. He had a heart feelingly alive to the claims of humanity, a benevolence truly magnificent, and a hand as "open as day to melting charity," The veteran warrior, the painter, the sculptor, the artist, the author—all were alike the objects of his bounty and protection, and all acknow-

ledged the liberality of his hand, the graciousness of his manner, and the kindness of his heart. Such was the heir-apparent to the throne of France, whose remains now lie entombed in the mausoleum of his ancestors, and who received in his premature death a nobler testimony to his his virtues than all the honours that funeral pomp scatters on the hearse of royalty—the genuine tribute of public sympathy :—

> " Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
> Regumque turres."

I must now put on my seven-league boots and hop, skip, and jump, proceeding from 1834 to 1865, to give a brief account of that race which now attracts all the sporting men of England and France, Le Grand Prix de Paris. The prize on the occasion I am about to refer to, consisted of a piece of plate given by the Emperor Napoleon III., with 143,000 francs, 10,000 francs for the second, 5000 francs for the third, for three-year olds, colts 8st. 9lbs., fillies 8st. 6lbs., one mile, seven furlongs. The race has been so often described that I shall merely remark that some hundred and ninety years ago a royal prize was run for in the neighbourhood of Paris. The race

took place on the 25th of February, 1683, on the plain d'Echère, near St.-Germain-en-Laye. The plate, presented by Louis XIV., was valued at a thousand pistoles. This monarch had sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest racers to try their fortune upon that day. The honour of England was sustained by James, Duke of Monmouth, the eldest son of Charles II., by that beautiful but frail woman, Lucy Walters, and he carried off the prize in the presence of the King and the French Court.

To return to the Grand Prix of 1865, although I am not one of those who think that when "in Rome one should do as the Romans do," or, as an unlearned lady is said to have remarked, to "do in Turkey what the turkeys do," and, disapproving highly of racing upon a Sunday as carried on in France, I cannot refrain from laying before my readers a letter I received from an old and valued friend, now, alas! no more, who thus writes:—

"Paris, June 11, 1865."

"Early this morning a thick mist hung over Paris, giving, as many predicted, a promise of the beautiful weather which was, as the day pro-

ceeded, so fully realized. Soon after noon a considerable portion, not only of the beauty and fashion, but of the middle classes, in very great numbers, were to be seen in carriages of every description, quietly and decorously making their way to the Bois de Boulogne. Nor were the smaller tradesmen, accompanied by their families, frequently of two generations, in any degree unrepresented, but were in great numbers to be seen wending their way through the numerous footpaths and shady walks which intersect in all directions the Bois de Boulogne; and it was pleasant to notice, under the shade of the trees, large family groups resting by the way, the daughters showing their children in their arms to their fathers and grandfathers, all looking clean, happy, and contented, and all equally bent on enjoying, with the other classes of society, the fête and holiday provided for them. As I should not wish to be misunderstood, it is better not to pass over in silence an objection that may present itself to the minds of many who will ask, 'Is this letter an attempt to describe a visit to a race-course on a Sunday afternoon?'

"I feel the full force of this question, and I am

sure that no Englishman, or woman, present this afternoon but felt their pleasure greatly lessened by this reflection. But as the sight itself is so different from a drive to an English racecourse—everything objectionable and offensive being entirely excluded—I feel that something beyond the stereotyped answer, 'It is the custom of the country,' might, from a French point of view, very fairly be given. You see nothing but clean and happy faces; no shouting, no swearing, not a drunken man or woman; no singers or vendors of doubtful songs, or purveyors of anything immoral or disreputable, no gambling of any kind, and no betting, but the very little that is imported by about half-a-dozen professional betting men from London. The truth is, betting is not understood in France, and it will never take root there; it is quite opposed to the feelings and habits of the French. The Parisians, as a body, care nothing—know nothing about betting, but walk or drive into the country to see the Grand Prix with, in my opinion, the same kind of tranquil, unexcited feelings with which we should go to the Horticultural or Zoological Gardens. I could show another point of difference; but with-

out trenching on delicate ground, I may say that numerous families, accompanied by their young daughters and sons, proved the confidence —well deserved—which was placed in the discretion and power of the proper authorities.

"The day was a lovely one; not a cloud was to be seen in the deep blue sky. The atmosphere was light, and of such transparent clearness that, looking down the gardens of the Tuileries, the magnificent Arc de Triomphe (nearly two miles off) stood out with wonderful distinctness. Passing down the Rue de Rivoli, and up the Champs Elysées, we entered the Bois de Boulogne. Far as the eye could reach there was one unbroken line of carriages; and the splendour of the equipages, and the elegance of the toilets of the ladies, made the scene an animated one. The drive through the well-shaded avenues—a refreshing breeze coming through the thick foliage—the scent of the flowers, the ripple of the fountains, and the sunshine playing on the broad and exquisitely kept road, which is "without the vestige of a weed or the apprehension of a stone," was both agreeable and pleasant, but in my opinion the Bois de Boulogne, as a thing of beauty, would

quite fail to satisfy a true lover of Nature. It is too formal and elaborately artificial, and one misses that natural and country element which is required, I think, to touch the heart and feelings of an Englishman.

"The equipages of the ambassadors, ministers, and other great personages were as numerous as ever; but it is too well known that there is this year a most sensible falling off in the number of the more quiet but equally well-appointed carriages of that very large class of foreign residents in Paris whose expenditure ranged from £2,000 to £4,000 a year. So that, while the Court tradesmen experience but little diminution in their profits, a large number of their less fortunate brethren have to regret a serious falling off in their lists of good and punctually paid accounts, which have this year, so unaccountably to them, disappeared from their books.

"Arriving at the stands of the race-course, which, so low, open, and simple in their construction, allow to everyone a perfect view, it was amusing to see the various groups slowly arrive. Some of the ladies went to seats provided for them, but the greater number sought the

chairs placed in front of and near to the Imperial Stand, and were here joined by their numerous acquaintances and admirers. A friend of mine remarked that the sight reminded him of a Commemoration Day at Oxford, and another said it was like the Grand Opera. An English lady appeared to be as much admired as any. She was very pale, and I heard many such murmurs as '*Elle est aussi blanche que la farine de froment.*" Her golden hair was declared to be *ravissant.*

"A little before the time appointed for the Grand Prix to be run for, a few shouts from the back of the Royal Stand, and the hushed murmur that arose, indicated the arrival of the Imperial party; and immediately after, the most remarkable man in Europe, and certainly the greatest of living Sovereigns—one whose life is at once a lesson and a romance—was to be seen slowly making his way to the front of the Tribune. The Emperor looked stronger, more sunburnt, and in better health than he did at this time last year. In his eyes you could hardly fail to remark a sad and wearied expression; but the old look of resolution and determination was there as

marked as ever. The Emperor was accompanied by the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Princess Murat, and General Fleury, but it was evident he took little interest in the scene before him. When the horses were at the distance-post, General Fleury almost forced a race-glass into the hands of the Emperor, who used it scarcely for a minute, and, returning it, once more relapsed into deep thought."

It may not be here out of place to give a brief sketch of the Prince Imperial, now, through the lamented death of his illustrious father, Prince Louis Napoleon. The scene is laid at Compiègne, and the sketch, which is from the pen of one who was present upon the occasion, cannot fail to be read with interest. At one o'clock the Prince Imperial cantered into the ring, and made a bow to the assembled party which did honour to his tutor. It was quite the salute of a Master of fox-hounds when he is going to take his father's duty for the day. He was riding a very clever Arab pony, a present from a Sheikh, and was attended by his constant companion, young Conneau and his tutor.

The Prince is much grown, and seems to me

directory, was appointed secretary. Hamlet, the best of fellows, the civilest of human beings, was engaged as steward, the services of an excellent *chef de cuisine* were enlisted, and a *vinous* sub-committee was elected to furnish the cellar. The house, though not on a very large scale, was snug and comfortable, and with sundry alterations answered the purpose fully well. The strangers' dining-room, two rooms thrown into one on the first floor, was commodious; the smoking-room, on the same floor, was all that could be desired; two former drawing-rooms formed the dining-room for the members, the shelves of one being filled with books, while the walls of every room, hall, and passage were covered with portraits of bygone actors, and those who still fretted their hour upon the boards. As to *fraternité* of feeling, nothing could exceed that shown by all the members towards one another. As the Committee, who had the entire management of the election of candidates, were extremely careful to exclude all but what are termed *club-able* men, everyone felt at home, and joined in general conversation. The result was that, at whatever hour you entered the building, either

for lunch, dinner, or to enjoy the fragrant weed, you at once met with congenial spirits. Those who liked a witty remark, or a pungent epigram would join the table at which James Smith sat, and any common-place remark of the day was immediately converted by him into verse. I remember once asking him if he was going to the ball at the Mansion House, got up in aid of the unfortunate Polish refugees. "No," said he. Then, calling for a sheet of paper and a pencil, he wrote the following lines:—

"Aloft in rotatory motion hurled,
The poles are called upon to support the world,
In these our days a different law controls,
The world are called upon to support the *Poles*."

Again, when asked "Whose are the best guns; Manton's or Egg's?" he replied, "Egg's for poaching," and in a second produced the following epigram:—

"Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
Each worries each, if able;
In Manton and in Egg we see
This proverb proved no fable.
Each famed for guns, whose loud report
Confirms the fact I'm broaching;
Manton's the best for lawful sport,
But Egg's the best for poaching."

Then, again, those who liked to hear of the glories of John Kemble, the Siddons, Charles Kemble, Charles Yonng, and other artists who flourished in the early part of the present century, would join Frank Fladgate, the "best of company," as the phrase goes, and revel in the stories of the drama in its legitimate days.

The literary man would find all that was agreeable and delightful in the society of the Reverend Richard Barham (Ingoldsby), Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Reade, Shirley Brooks, Jerdan, Edmund Yates, Albert Smith, and Peter Cunningham. The lover of music would listen to the charms of the Opera-house, depicted with enthusiasm by Sir Henry Webb and Sir George Armytage; those who wished to get acquainted with the mysteries of English law would learn much from the eloquent lips of Talfourd, Willes, Bramwell, O'Dowd, Bacon, Knowles, Huddleston, Parry, and other members of the legal profession.

The army, too, was well represented by some of the most gallant soldiers of the day, and the naval officers, though few in number, were men of note. The dramatic coterie included Stephen

Price, pungent and satirical, but still an amusing companion, Charles Kean, Walter Lacy, John Pritt Harley, Benjamin Webster, Anderson; while for artists, Stanfield, Roberts, and Haig were hosts in themselves. Among the patrons of the arts, Joseph Arden stood forth conspicuous, while Tenterden was brilliant as a classical scholar, and Charles Taylor equally so for conversational powers. There was Arabin too, the man without an enemy; the gallant officer of Peninsula renown, Sir William de Bathe; "Cuddy" Ellison, who once surprised the waiter by this lisping question, "What luxthury can I have for sthixpence?" and many others whose names do not recur to me at this moment.

There was a good story told of Frank Talfourd, a worthy son of a most worthy sire, which proves his readiness at repartee. One day in Winter, snow on the ground, thermometer below freezing point, young Talfourd was met by a friend in Russell Square, who thus accosted him:

"Why, I see you never wear (*were*) a great-coat?"

"I never *was*," he quaintly replied.

Frank Talfourd was an excellent amateur actor, and a popular writer of burlesques. Kind and unaffected, he was beloved by all.

I ceased to be a member when the *venue* was changed from King Street to what is now called Garrick Street, but am happy to hear that the club still flourishes in its new domain. All I can say is that it was one of the most delightful clubs I ever entered, and from general report it still stands *nulli secundus*. This chapter, then, I propose to devote to anecdotes and smart sayings, many of which I heard in the smoking-room of the Garrick.

So much has been written about Thackeray, and so many anecdotes have been told of him, many of which remind me of the remark made by a celebrated critic to a compiler of anecdotes. "Sir," said the cynic, "your book contains much that is new and much that is true, but, unfortunately, that which is new is not true, and that which is true is not new," so that I despair of adding anything very original. Still, having often met him at the table of private friends, at the "Garrick," at the Beef-Steak Club, at civic feasts and banquets, I certainly had a fair opportunity of judging of his social qualities,

which to my mind, when he "was in the vein," were equal, if not superior to those of any writer of his day. There was one feeling about the author of "Vanity Fair" which tried him sorely, and ever proved a thorn in his side, and that was jealousy of the adulation paid to Dickens. One day when dining in company, at a friend's house, with the above two intellectual giants of a race now nearly extinct, the conversation, after the ladies had left the room, took a literary turn; and a young man who sat next to Charles Dickens, and immediately opposite Thackeray and myself, began to praise Dickens to his face in a most fulsome manner. All of a sudden Thackeray stopped in the midst of a sentence, turned his chair round, as if to escape from the sound of the flatterer's tongue, and, addressing me in a voice full of bitterness, said,

"Did you hear that? I go nowhere but I am subject to it. I should not mind to hear Lytton Bulwer praised to the skies, for I own my inferiority, but—" he then held down his head, evidently tortured at mind, and was silent for some minutes.

After a time I ventured to say, "If you had been sitting where Dickens was, the same remark

would probably have been made to you, for the young man that made it evidently drawled it out in the most Dundreary fashion." Nothing, however, that I could say seemed to rouse Thackeray from his lethargy, and he shortly afterwards abruptly left the room.

At the "Steaks" one evening he was in the highest of spirits and the best of tempers, and his sallies of wit kept the whole company, accustomed as they were to brilliant effusions, in a state of delight. About a few weeks before his lamentable death, I was walking in Kensington Gardens when I met Thackeray, and I at once saw, by what Sam Slick calls his "dial-plate," that he was "all serene." I adopt rather a slang phrase, but a very appropriate one.

"Come and see my house," he said, "I'm quite alone, and I'll show you all my curiosities." Delighted at the idea, I accompanied my friend to the quaint modern house that he had erected in Kensington Palace Gardens, and there I passed two of the most agreeable hours I almost ever spent. He first took me over his gallery of pictures, premising that they were picked up at pawnbrokers' shops, and seldom exceeded ten or twelve

pounds; then he proceeded to his library, and there showed me many valuable works, among them several presentation copies—there was not a room in the house that we did not enter. At leaving he gave me his autograph, and the Lord's Prayer written within the compass of a fourpenny piece. I then thanked him, and wished him "good-bye," little fancying that we had met for the last time. In less than two months I heard of his death.

For the following anecdote I am indebted to the Honourable and Reverend Grantham M. York, than whom a more estimable man does not exist. It is described as an incident in the life of the author of "Vanity Fair," and the drawings, to which allusion is made, admirably lithographed, were sold at a bazaar held at Birmingham, 1871, in aid of the funds of St. Philip's School. All wishing a valuable relic of Thackeray ought to obtain possession of a copy of the drawings.

"It was in the year 1848, a little before the breaking out of the Revolution in Paris, that a small party of friends was spending the evening at the house of Mr. Alfred Montgomery in Eaton Place, Belgrave Square. Amongst the company were the author of 'Vanity Fair,' and a noble

Lord whose skill as an artist is well known and appreciated amongst his friends. The conversation was of that happy sparkling character, mixed with wisdom, which was sure to flow forth when led by Thackeray. I can see him now, sitting near a table in the centre of the drawing-room, the kindly smile upon his upturned face as he uttered some friendly pleasantry which brightened every countenance in the little company! Presently he drew towards him a blotting-book lying on the table, and, taking a pen from the tray, seemed to carefully examine its nib, as if meditating a sketch or an epigram, talking, however, all the time on the subject under discussion. A lady of the company seeing the movement I have described, urged him to draw. He, in his turn, asked that a subject might be given him; and turning to my noble relative, to whose artistic talents I have alluded, he playfully challenged him to compete with him in the illustration. A subject was mentioned; and seizing instinctively the humorous side of it, he commenced drawing, and, talking the whole time, completed within an hour or so the series of six sketches already mentioned. Only one remark of his about the

sketches, made at the time, can I recall. It is a trifle, but its peculiar archness, and the intensity of the artistic enjoyment conveyed by it, impressed me so vividly at the time that I have never forgotten it all these years! He had just finished the last sketch in the series, and was looking at it with a sort of humorous satisfaction, but great gravity, when I went up to him and looked over his shoulder. In a moment he turned to me, and pointing with the feather end of his pen to the hand of the sleeping lady lying on the coverlet, he exclaimed with immense satisfaction, 'Is not that hand touching?'

"I will only add that on his looking over these happy productions of his fertile genius many years after, Mr. Thackeray seemed greatly pleased with them, and declared to the lady to whom he had presented them on the evening above recalled; and who has kept them reverently ever since, that 'he could not do anything then so good.'

"GRANTHAM M. YORK.

"St. Philip's Rectory, March 27th, 1871."

Before I conclude, let me remind the reader that Cicero tells us of one "who wrote so small

a hand that he shut up Homer's Iliad, which he had written upon a sort of parchment, within the narrow bounds of a nut-shell (which relation hath given rise to a proverbial speech)," so writes the Honourable Robert Boyle, born 25th of January, 1626. Had the above authority lived in our days, he might have recorded the fact that with an ordinary pen Thackeray could write the Lord's Prayer within the circle of a fourpenny-piece. Charles Dickens dined occasionally at the Garrick, but, as John Forster's life of this bright literary luminary is fresh in the mind of everyone, it would be presumptuous in me to give a "sketch" of "Boz." Albert Smith was constant in his attendance at the Garrick Club, and was always genial and amusing; but I am dwelling upon a subject which, if I go on with it, will compel me to add another volume to this work, for there was scarcely a member of the club that does not merit a place, ay, and an honourable place, here. Let me then proceed to recount some of the good things I heard during the many years I was a member of the "snuggery" in King Street, Covent Garden. I shall string the beads at random,

(might I not say pearls?), finding it impossible to preserve the unities.

Let me commence with a clever effusion, which Jerdan repeated, and appropriate parts of which he declared ought to be universally adopted as mottoes for decanter-labels:—

"Arridet PORTus? subeat non causa doloris,
SumebatiS HERI? non dolor est hodie,
Hic liquor est molLis *Bon*us, aptus adomnia lacta;
Oppida ne CALCA VALLATA ad prælia, quærens,
Si somitum capias eue tibi est volupe.
Dum lucet CLARETE magis iste trahat."

Who the author was I know not. Again Jerdan told me that when Thomas Campbell published his domestic tale of "Theodric," the conversation turned upon it.

"I think," said a wag, "it is selling prodigiously, and that the author will gain a large sum on *The odd trick* (Theodric), without counting the honours."

I rather fancy the wag referred to was Jerdan himself, who also told me that, when the Duke of Cumberland was married to the Princess de Salms, the union was said to indicate a very religious feeling on his part as it showed he was

fond of *Psalms*, and a similar one upon that of the bride, as she loved *Hymn* (Him).

While upon the subject of *beaux esprits*, I must not omit to mention Lord Alvanley, who for real genuine wit and conversational powers was seldom if ever excelled; indeed he fully merited the eulogium paid by Coleridge to one infinitely inferior to Alvanley, of whom the poet said :—"I have before, in my time, met with men of admirable promptitude, of intellectual power, and play of wit, the rays of which, as Stillingfleet writes, 'gild wheresoever they strike;' but I never could have conceived such readiness of mind, and resource of genius to be poured out on the mere subject and impulse of the moment."

Alvanley, albeit the least quarrelsome man in the world, was led into a duel with Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, the "Member for Ireland," as someone called him in the House of Commons. The cause that led to this bloodless encounter was as follows:— Lord Alvanley, in 1835, questioned Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords as to whether the new government had formed any compact with the Irish agitator to support their measures; this

Lord Melbourne, as head of His Majesty's Ministers, denied.

Hearing of this, Daniel O'Connell called Alvanley a bloated buffoon, upon which he received a challenge through the hands of Dawson Damer. As the great man had registered a vow in Heaven never again to fight a duel, in consequence of having killed D'Estere, Morgan took up his father's quarrel, and, after exchanging two shots each, the opponents parted without any apology.

I once met Alvanley at Brighton, "How long do you remain here?" I inquired.

"Five and thirty pounds," he replied.

I looked surprised, and began to consider whether it might not be some new slang expression of the day, not that his Lordship was guilty of such vulgarisms. He saw that I was "at fault," and immediately proceeded to enlighten me.

"What I mean by five and thirty pounds is that, after allowing ten for posting from London here and back, I have a "pony" to spend here, and as long as that lasts I shall remain. I think two more dinners and breakfasts at the York Hotel will clear me out."

Alvanley was one of the most agreeable members of society I ever met. There was a good-humour, a *bonhomie*, about him that could not be excelled. What could be more full of humour than his reply to the man he employed on the occasion of the duel above referred to.

"There's a guinea for you, my man," said he.

"Much obliged to you, my Lord," responded the man; "I never before received so handsome a sum for driving a gentleman so short a distance."

"It was not for driving me there, but for driving me back, that I have paid you," said Alvanley.

One of the most amusing men I ever met with was the late Richard Armit of the 3rd, now Fusilier Guards. Dick Armit, as he was universally called, had a fund of Irish wit and anecdote. His great forte, however, was what is vulgarly called "selling." He would commence a long narrative, replete with interest and fun, and, when he had worked his listener up to a pitch of excitement, he would end by "selling" him. I remember that upon one occasion he nearly involved himself in a duel. In the days I write

of, when the Guards were quartered at Windsor, he dined with me at the mess of the Blues. There happened to be present a fire-eating, quarrelsome man, who had been involved in many what were termed affairs of honour.

Dick, who had all the pluck of a son of Erin, and who had listened patiently to this oracle laying down the law, thought he would cause a laugh at his expense; so, suddenly turning to him, he quietly said:

"I saw a man to-day who would give any sum of money he possesses to kick you."

"Kick me!" responded the Sir Lucius O'Trigger. "Kick me! I call upon you to name him," at the same time turning livid with rage.

"Oh, bedad, I'll tell you," replied his tormentor.

"I insist upon knowing," interrupted the angry man.

"Well, if you wish to know, but it must not go farther—the man was"——

"Who? who?"

"Ah, don't be in such a hurry; the man, was Billy Water, who goes about in a bowl, because why, he has not any legs, and, by the powers,

would give all he has to be able to kick anyone "

For caustic wit few could exceed John Wilson Croker; for bitter sarcasm Sir Joseph Copley was unequalled; for trite sayings Sydney Smith stood supreme; for fun and equivoque Theodore Hook would have carried off the prize; for epigrammatic point James Smith was unapproachable; for brilliancy of repartee the Reverend Edward Cannon was conspicuous; for exuberance of jest and flow of poetical language Barham (Ingoldsby) has left an undying reputation; for quick perception of fun, and powers of expressing it in prose and song, Horace Twiss ranked high. In Alvanley many of the above qualities were united, and he possessed one great advantage over some I have referred to, and that was that he never engrossed too much of the conversation, that he never spun long yarns, but touched lightly and felicitously upon the topics of the day, or the remarks that fell from his companions.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REV. THOMAS COVENTRY—PORK AND SAUSAGES—A SHARP PAGE—READY REPARTEE OF THE IRISH—IRISH JEUX-D'ESPRIT DUKE OF RUTLAND—GOOD MANNERS—DUKE OF RICHMOND—ROBINSON AND HIS GUNS—SAYING OF MR. GLADSTONE—ANECDOTE OF THEODORE HOOK—LINES ON THE HENLEY REGATTA—"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG those with whom I lived upon the closest ties of friendship was the Honourrable and Reverend Thomas Coventry. I was his brother William's fag at Westminster, from whence an intimacy with his family sprang up, which still exists with the remaining members of it. Alas, how few of them are left! "Tom," as he was familiarly called, was one of the most absent men when travelling that I ever met with, and he never went a journey without losing an umbrella, a travelling bag, a "comforter," gloves, or any other loose article he carried with him. One day, before leaving London, he purchased a loin of pork and some Cambridge sausages, which he always declared were better than those he could meet

with in the country. These were deposited in his carpet-bag, which for security he took inside the railway carriage with him. Upon reaching Worcester he missed his umbrella, which he then remembered he had left in the refreshment room at Oxford. While hunting for his right-hand glove, the porters cried out, "Take your seats, gentlemen." Tom jumped out, laid hold of the first carpet-bag he found, entered his brougham, and drove to Severn-Stoke.

"You will find some nice sausages and a small loin of pork in my carpet-bag," said he, to his attentive servant, "there's the key."

"Why, Sir, it does not fit; moreover your bag was green, and this is brown."

The result may easily be anticipated; the missing carpet-bag arrived two days afterwards, having travelled to New Milford and back. Upon opening it, my reverend friend was highly mortified to find the contents—equally so. Other anecdotes occur to me. At dinner one day I heard an excellent story, founded on fact, which took place at Holderness House, then occupied by the third Marquis of Londonderry. A page, quite a stripling, waited upon the Marchioness, and although an

excellent specimen of the genus called "buttons," he had one dreadful fault, and that was curiosity. Upon more than one occasion he had been strongly suspected of reading notes and letters left on the table in the boudoir, and was once seen to peer into a small three-cornered pink missive which he was to take to Grosvenor Square. One fatal morning, a note was handed to Lady Londonderry by the page, which had evidently been opened, and was not a little fingered in the manipulating process. Taking no notice of this awful breach of confidence, the Marchioness sat down and penned a few lines to her gallant husband, who was as fine a specimen of a dashing hussar as ever mounted horse, requesting him to give the bearer, what at Winchester is called "tunding"—*anglice*, "cane-whipping"—which if not too strongly applied would teach him that reading notes was not one of the duties of a servant; adding, by way of postscript, that a slight chastisement might prevent a repetition of so grave an offence, which otherwise might be attended by immediate and ignominious dismissal. Whether the boy looked over her ladyship when writing, whether he had a prescient idea of what

was to follow, or whether he again by some clever process opened the strongly adhesive note, was never known, but with a sharpness that reflects greatly upon his genius, with whatever other failings he may be charged, he gave the missive to one of the tallest footmen in the establishment, and desired him, by his mistress's command, to deliver it into the hands of his Lordship, and wait for an answer. This was accordingly done, and great was the noble Marquis's surprise when a man, some inches taller than himself, presented the note, and said it required an immediate answer.

As a cavalry soldier, Charles Stewart, I give his famed Peninsular name, would have charged fifty such messengers in the battle-field; but to cane a strong athletic man of six feet three was a service, brave as he was, that he did not fancy. So, "I'll send an answer," was his reply.

Another story must find place here; it was of a young Irish lady, and a popular member of Parliament. The gentleman thus referred to is supposed to be (whether truly, or otherwise, I know not) of Hebrew extraction, but does not appear to be at all proud of what Disraeli once

called the "divine origin," when replying to a cutting sarcasm of Daniel O'Connell. At a dinner party, the M.P. found himself by the side of one of Erin's cleverest daughters, gifted with that quickness of repartee for which her countrywomen are famed, and examples of which may be heard throughout the entire Emerald Isle, from the noblest patrician down to the most humble of plebeians; even from the gallery of the theatres, where personal *plaisanteries* are indulged in, as the well known anecdote of a "Pat" and the Duke of Rutland, to which I shall presently refer, proves.

To return to my story. The hero of it, after chaffing the young lady considerably, and causing a laugh to be raised at her expense, said something that evidently "riled" her. She paused for a moment; then, turning to her tormentor, gazed steadily at him. One of those inopportune silences which occasionally take place at the dinner-table occurred, and all eyes and ears were concentrated on the two, who had kept up a running fire. "I now understand," said the fair one, still continuing to look intently at her victim, "why you have attained such a name for conversational powers" — her neighbour

smiled, and was evidently pleased at the flattering compliment—"and for your witty remarks"—more smiles. "It is because, in looking at you, I now find the original *Jew* d'esprit." As Colman makes one of his characters say in the 'Poor Gentleman,' "what a douse on the blubber chops for the senator!" A general titter followed, the victim turned away, and changed the topic, while the triumphant daughter of Erin saw by the kindly smiles of all around her that she had made the hit of the evening, and had fairly beat her adversary at his own game.

I have referred to the powers of quick repartee which the Irish, high and low, rich and poor, possess to the highest degree, and I may, therefore, here lay before my readers a specimen of their wit. The anecdote connected with the Duke of Rutland, who, in 1784, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, relates to a state-visit paid by His Excellency to the Royal Theatre in Crow Street, now no longer in existence; when a man in the gallery shouted out, "Who was seen last evening coming out of Poll Flanagan's house?" mentioning a female of rather unenviable notoriety in Dublin, and with whose charms the

scandal-mongers falsely hinted the Viceroy was captivated. The reply, "Manners, you blackguard!" quick as it was, "was more pointed than polite."

Upon another occasion, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a sally quite as *piquant* was made also at the Theatre Royal. I must here premise that, among those who were on the most intimate terms with my family, were Mr. Gun and his two daughters. These young ladies were as beautiful as they were talented, and of course were the objects of ill-nature and spite to their less favoured sex. The slightest attention paid to them by my father was severely commented upon by many a prim, stiff-necked old lady, and by many an antiquated spinster, who shook their heads, and exclaimed, "Dreadful! how shocking! the poor Duchess! who'd have thought it?" with other pious and charitable ejaculations which such people usually indulge in. One night at the theatre, when a play, founded on Defoe's beautiful romance of "Robinson Crusoe," was being performed, and the Viceroy, surrounded by his wife, sons, and daughters, was all intent upon the drama, the hero

Song.—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ADAPTED TO AN AIR BY J. L. HATTON.

"Come fill up your glasses, a bumper I crave,
And I'll give you the toast in an old-fashioned stave,
'Tis a toast which to honour, sure, none will refuse;
Here's success to the 'London Illustrated News.'
Here's to *her* who will stand as she ever has stood,
The friend of the friendless, Mrs. Ingram the good;
And may her son follow the steps of his sire,
'Tis the wish of our hearts, and our fondest desire.
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, sure none will refuse,
Here's success to the 'London Illustrated News.'

"Our paper is often compared to a ship,
'Tis true, before launching, we look for a *slip*,
We're good at a *chase*, foreign seas we explore,
We all ship for *guinea*, the *gold* dust to store.
Tho' trackless our course, when *imposing*, you'll find,
Our *broadside* will leave an *impression* behind,
In all the four quarters, wherever we roam,
'We've a chiel takin' notes,' faith we print them at home.
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, &c.

"Our port's *Milford* Haven, nigh *Stranded* dy'e see,
We care not for shores, *whether weather* or lee.
No *press*-gang we fear, we are free as the gale,
All we ask is a *wet sheet*, a fast-flowing *sale*,
Our vessel's well-manned, every tar's at his post,
With Parry* our skipper, our pride and our boast,
While the man at the *helm* looks after our *wheel* (weal)
As smoothly along glides our time-honoured keel.
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, &c.

* Now Ingram, A. I.

" Our coxswains so skilful, and men in their boat,
By strength of their *skulls*, keep the vessel afloat;
Our *engines* work well, and, with Brister's famed crew,
'We can paddle,' I reckon, 'each man his canoe;'
We can boast of *engraving*, Read, Jackson, whose docks
Are free from all *blockheads*, save their own wooden *blocks*;
We stick to our *colours* when a *broad* sheet we give,
And our commodore's motto is 'Live and let live.'
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, &c.

" We've a *Plummer*, who *golden* opinions does win,
Who *plumbs* up the chinks, not with *lead*, but with *tin*,
A captain and steward, to look out the prog,
Choice spirits and *Lemon** to mingle the grog;
Some talk of Eve's apple, King *Pepin*, and *Tell*,
I'll *tell* of another that 'bears off the bell,'
For what golden *pippin*, which in cyder we sip,
Can compare with our heart's *core*, our own little P. I. P.?†
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, &c.

" Thus bold, independent, our bark, like the sun,
Her bright course of glory for ages shall run;
No rocks, shoals, nor quicksands, nor *breezes* we'll fear,
We'll stem every tide, while with honour we steer,
But 'belay,' for my yarn already I've spun,
I'll *turnover*, *in case* you wish it were done.
Then fill up your glasses, sure none will refuse,
Here's Ingram and Parry and the 'Illustrated News.'"
Chorus.—Then fill up a bumper, &c.

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* The above was written during the life of Mark Lemon, one of the kindest men I ever knew.

† P. I. P. Penny Illustrated paper, commonly called "Pip."

CHAPTER X.

LORD CLYDE—JOHN CALCRAFT—SIR ROBERT WILSON—HENRY BROUGHAM—JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE—I AM APPOINTED EDITOR OF "THE REVIEW"—MOTIVES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON — CHARLES DICKENS — CHARLES READE — LETTERS FROM DICKENS AND READE.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG the illustrious men with whom I was acquainted, illustrious by deeds, not hereditary honours, I must not omit Colin Campbell afterwards Lord Clyde. It was at a social dinner party in 1853, at the late Sir Willoughby and Lady Augusta Cotton's, that I was first introduced to this hero, then simply Colin Campbell, and I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting him at the houses of common friends. Of all the individuals whom I have fallen in with, and who acted up to the line of the erudite Dr. Pangloss, "On their own merits modest men are dumb," Sir Colin was the greatest, and anyone who witnessed his unaffected manner, his quiet demeanour, his simple habits, his diffidence and reserve, would scarcely have imagined that he was in the presence of the

man who had fought at Walcheren, at Vimeira, Corunna, Barossa, Tarifa, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, where he received two severe wounds whilst leading the column of attack, and at the passage of the Bidassoa, where he was again severely wounded; who had seen active service in America, the West Indies, China, and India; who had been highly praised in the despatches of Gough and Hardinge for his valour at Chillianwallah, where he was again wounded; who had received the thanks of Parliament and of the East India Company for his conduct at Goojerat; and who, with a handful of men at the Kohat Pass, Punj Pao, Pranghur, and Isakote, had, in the words of the Roman historian, "subdued with greater danger than loss of his army, natives most safe in position, most difficult of access, and cruel in ferocity."

To return to my dinner at Sir Willoughby's; after the ladies had retired, my host tried to draw out his valiant guest, and asked all sorts of questions about the battle of Chillianwallah and the nature of his wound. For a long time Colin fenced with the subject, but, finding his old friend still persevering, he re-

counted, in a manner so modest, that one would have imagined he had taken a very minor part in it, the battle of Chillianwallah. A more interesting detail I never listened to, for in a short space of time he brought the whole affair vividly before us; as to the part he took in it he was silent. Wellington was once asked by a lady of rank, after dinner, to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo—a request very like that made by a French Countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table and exclaimed:

"While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much."

However, the Iron Duke proved himself equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Battle of Waterloo, Ma'am; we pommelled the French, they pommelled us, and we pommelled the hardest; so we gained the day."

Colin, although he might have fairly followed his old Peninsular chief in his brief description, was persuaded by all present to enlarge a little on the matter. But I need not dwell further upon Clyde's military character; his gallantry at

the battle of the Alma, at the head of his beloved Highlanders, and his zeal, ability, and cool intrepidity throughout the rest of the Crimean campaign were faithfully recorded at the time, and do not need to be related here. Of him it may be truly said, as Alphonse de Lamartine said of Wellington: "He possessed the true genius for desperate struggles—the determination not to be conquered. His troops possessed the real genius of defence, passive obedience unto death. The Scotch regiments covered, without yielding an inch, the spot on which they were ordered to die."

It is not my intention to enter into a controversy, with respect to the purchase or non-purchase system in the Army, because wiser heads than mine have differed upon the subject, but certainly Colin Campbell's case was a hard one. He was born in the year 1792, entered the Army in 1808, had risen to the rank of captain in 1813, but it was not until 1825 that he obtained his majority by purchase, in 1832 he reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel by the same means, obtaining his colonelcy without purchase in 1842; and in 1854, albeit he had enjoyed temporary rank

as brigadier in India, he was still only a colonel, though sixty-two years of age. When the war against Russia broke out, Colin Campbell, whose merits would long ago have entitled him to the command of a division, consented to accept the command of the Highland brigade, and from that time his promotion went on more rapidly than it had done. In 1854 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, was nominated to the colonelcy of the 87th Foot, in 1856 he obtained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and on his return to England was presented with the freedom of the City of London, created an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, in recognition of his Crimean services, and appointed one of the military aides-de-camp to Her Majesty.

One of the most brilliant traits in the character of this veteran warrior was the readiness and activity which he displayed at the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, when, in consequence of the death of General the Honourable George Anson, he was appointed to the chief command of the army in India. At twenty-four hours notice, Sir Colin Campbell left London for the East, caught the Indian Mail at Marseilles, and reached Calcutta

feeling that his advice would be of the greatest benefit to my friend.

"Come to the House of Lords to-morrow at three," he rejoined, and no further allusion was made to the subject.

The next day, accompanied by the co-respondent, a married man, we went to the Library of the House of Lords where we found the great man. In a few words, he pointed out the fatal error of attempting to damage a husband, bad as he might be, and which under no circumstance could be an answer to the charge, adding:

"'I was once engaged in a celebrated case' (he mentioned the name, but I refrain from giving it) 'and against my judgment it was decided that I was to lay before the jury some acts of the injured husband. No sooner had I commenced, and I began warily, than I at once saw by the faces of the jurymen that I had made an egregious mistake, and so it proved to be, for they gave awful damages."

He also quoted another case upon the Oxford Circuit, in which he was not engaged, but which ended in the same result. At this moment he was called away to attend to some business in the House of Lords.

"Come with me," he said, you will gather my meaning from what falls from me."

We accompanied him to the House; it was a divorce case, and during his speech he caught our eyes, and then introduced quite enough to prove to us how sensible his advice had been; and no one present, except those who, like ourselves, were behind the scenes, could have fancied that he was literally "killing two birds with one stone." We retired, the line of defence was abandoned, and, instead of swinging damages, the whole affair was arranged for one hundred pounds.

John Cam Hobhouse, an old Westminster, was, at the time I write of, Member for Westminster. In private life he seldom spoke of politics, indeed, at Calcraft's table, the subject was scarcely ever touched upon. Whether Hobhouse's incarceration in Newgate for the strong radical opinions he indulged in, and which appeared in his "Letters to an Englishman," affected him, I know not; but certainly in social life he eschewed radicalism, and delighted all by his historical knowledge, and by anecdotes of his travelling companion, Byron, with whom for years he was on the closest terms of intimacy. I often met

him and Brougham at the Beef Steak Club, and the "keen encounter of their wit" is indescribable.

For many years I was on the most intimate terms with Don Miguel Alava, one of the noblest creatures I ever met. Throughout the Peninsular War, during the time Wellington was Ambassador to Louis XVIII, at Brussels, during the Belgian campaign, and during the occupation of France by the Allied Armies, Alava was the constant guest of the "Iron Duke." Indeed, few men had greater influence with Wellington than this distinguished Spanish nobleman; and here I may mention a curious fact, namely, that he was present at two of the greatest victories by sea and land that attended our arms—Trafalgar and Waterloo. At the former, he was on board the vessel of a relation, and at the latter by the side of the hero of that day—Wellington.

During the time that I was editor of the "Review" newspaper, although I had a great many annoyances to put up with, they were more than amply compensated for by the opportunities my position afforded me of doing justice to my friends and their works. Among the disagreeable

duties, was that of declining contributions, of requesting certain offensive matter might be expunged, and of refusing adulatory puffs of composers, singers, and actors. Among the pleasurable ones, may be mentioned the power I had of doing justice to the late Emperor of the French, who had been cruelly attacked by some of the newspapers, and of favourably noticing many authors, dramatic writers, managers, and actors.

At the period I write of, Charles Dickens was delighting thousands in the provinces with his admirable readings, and being on a visit to some old and valued friends in Cheshire, I persuaded them to attend the reading of the "Christmas Carol," at the Philharmonic Rooms, Liverpool. Although the night was bad, and we had to hurry over our dinner, and to cross the Mersey, we were amply repaid for our trouble. Anything more perfect I never heard, and yet I have listened to Charles Kemble, to Fanny Kemble, to Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, and other elocutionists, none of whom were to my mind so forcible, yet so true to nature, as Dickens, whose pathos came home to the heart, and whose comic touches

were humorous to the highest degree. I lost no time in sending a notice to a newspaper I then wrote for; indeed, I did not retire to bed until I had embodied my impressions, and on the appearance of the paper, I forwarded it to Charles Dickens, who thus acknowledged it:

"Royal Hotel, Limerick,
"Thursday, 2nd Sept., 1858.

"Dear Lord William,

"I have just received the extract you kindly sent me, and I cannot refrain from writing to thank you for the interest you feel in its concluding subject, and for the graceful manner in which that interest is expressed. I am sure you will be glad to know that you have given me a very great pleasure, and that I feel heartily obliged to you.

"Faithfully yours always,
"Charles Dickens."

Another author, and one who may be placed on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, forwarded me the following letter:

"6, Bolton Row, May Fair.

"Dear Lord William,

"I have received three volumes from Hurst

& Blackett, for which accept my thanks. I shall have the pleasure of sending you my last, but am a little ashamed to make so unequal a return. Since the above, your too flattering notice of me has come to hand—since you are above all suspicion of insincerity, I shall bask in your good opinion while it lasts. I am glad you have given "White Lies" a good word, for nobody has noticed it, though I think it is quite equal to anything I have ever done. I have read 100 pages of your first Vol., you make me wish I had seen life as you have. There lies my defect, which will bowl me out some day, unless I mend it. *Apropos*, praise Hurst and Blackett for the exquisite taste with which the "The Story of My Life" is got up. Excellently printed, lettered, and bound, both as to choice of colour and work. I have seen nothing so good yet. I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES READE."

All I can say, is, if there was any defect in Reade's work, I was dense enough not to discover it, and, as for being "bowled out," I augur for him the most successful and long innings that ever literary man had. To follow his metaphor,

he is as a writer what Grace is in the cricket-field. In addition to the above, I have letters from Harrison Ainsworth, Albert Smith, Mayne Read, "The Old Sailor," Byng Hall, Harry Hiover, George Raymond, the Reverend R. Barham (Ingoldsby), acknowledging in the most flattering terms my humble yet honest endeavours to do justice to their works.

CHAPTER XI.

CHANGES IN THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LONDON—VAUXHALL GARDENS—THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND AND THE WAITER—MR. SIMPSON—LOW GAMBLING HOUSES—BALLOON ASCENTS—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK—CUCUMBERS—THE CYDER-CELLARS—ARGYLL ROOMS—THE *soi-disant* BARONESS AND SIR CHARLES STUART.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE lived to see some wondrous changes in the manners, customs, and amusements of London, and among others I may mention that in a great degree drinking has given way to smoking. I remember the time when, if a man entered a drawing-room with clothes redolent of tobacco, he would never again find admittance there, and as for smoking in the presence of a lady, he would have been looked upon as a monster. Indeed, the general opinion in society seemed to be that of James the First, who denounced the fragrant weed in the following terms, "Surely in my opinion there cannot be a more base and yet hurtful corruption in a country than is the vile use (or rather abuse) of

"Oh, you would not not be so ungentlemanly," said the head of the firm.

"I decline arguing the question further," I replied; so, taking out my watch, I remained silent. Before the time had expired, two fifty-pound notes were handed over to me. In former days there were very few clubs, and no restaurants; the result was that the young men about town, if they had no parental or maternal home, had to dine at coffee-houses. For those who had long purses, the Clarendon Hotel, and Long's in Bond Street, and Grillion's in Albemarle Street, were the favourite resorts, the dinner, wine, including waiter, generally amounting to a sovereign a head. Many prefered the Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden, famed for its plain English cooking, its marrow-bones and port wine, where the charge was about one-third less than the French dinner and iced champagne of the West End hotels. Moreover, the Piazza was handy to the two national theatres.

The old Duke "Jockey of Norfolk," as he was called, was a a constant attendant of the Piazza coffee room. His Grace was a *bon vivant*, and might be seen there at a particular table, gener-

ally reserved for him, with a bottle of sherry and a bottle of port before him. A story is told of him, which does not reflect much upon the foresight of the proprietor.

"Dinner, as usual," was the Duke's pithy order, as the head-waiter approached him. In passing the bar, the bill having been presented was duly paid, including that useful functionary's fee. As the dinner never varied, after the first visit His Grace, instead of calling for what the Parisians call "*l'addition*," gave the amount as he walked away. This went on for some time, till one evening a slight addition was made to the usual dinner, so trifling that it never occurred to the owner of Arundel Castle to change his usual routine. Great then was his horror and astonishment when, upon being waylaid in the passage, a bill was presented him, with the extra article charged. The amount was paid, but the coffee-room was never again honoured by the Duke. This was a piece of short-sightedness perfectly unaccountable, for not only were His Grace's dinners most liberal, but his presence attracted many who went to the Piazza to see a live duke eat.

In those days cucumbers were not forced as at present, nor were they brought up to London in the quantities they now are. The result was that an early cucumber cost from seven to ten shillings, and it was deemed a great luxury to have one with a lamb-chop. One day, and long before the above-mentioned nobleman was known to the waiter at Richardson's, His Grace having changed from the Piazza to this rival and equally good coffee-house ordered a lamb chop and a cucumber.

"Cucumber," said the astonished member of the fraternity of 'Coming, Sir,' "why, they were asking half-a-guinea for one in the market this morning, not so long as my hand, and a larger one will probably cost twelve or fourteen shillings."

"Get me the best," responded the Duke.

The waiter retired to consult his master, who fortunately had just been informed, or rather had informed himself, who his illustrious visitor was.

"Send for one at once," he said "if it costs a guinea."

The order was obeyed, and the Duke became a constant diner at that excellent coffee-house.

Among other places of resort for the idle was the Cyder-Cellars in Maiden Lane, where, "after the opera (or play) was over," fashionable men would congregate. This underground cave, for it was little better, was famed for its poached eggs, devilled kidneys, punch, and comic songs; but what with the smell of tobacco, beer, and the steam from the kitchen, the odour was far from savoury. Occasionally, visits were paid to sporting public houses, where the fancy amusements of cock-fighting, rat-killing, dog-fighting, and sparring were carried on. Sometimes, to adopt the phrase of the company I have introduced my reader to, a "nob" would put on the gloves, known as "mufflers," and have a "set to" with a "snob," and this was no child's play, each doing his best, as was often testified by the black eyes, swelled lips, and the "purple stream" that flowed from the nasal organ of the two combatants.

The élite of the prize-ring—for instance Spring and Cribb—would stand up, parry every hit of the amateur, and gently tap their adversaries on the cheek or breast, just to show what they could do if in earnest. So anxious were the members

of the prize-ring and the publicans to keep upon good terms with the higher orders that the utmost decorum prevailed during their visits, and seats were reserved for them whenever they attended these in-door, or out-door, amusements —Heaven save the mark!—at a sporting-house or Moulsey Hurst.

Balls and fancy-balls were constantly got up at the Argyll Rooms in Regent Street, now converted into splendid shops, and generally emanated from the leading ladies of the *demi-monde*. I recollect when I was quite a stripling receiving an invitation to attend a Grand Fancy-Dress Ball, given by a lady who called herself Lady H——, but who had no claim whatever to that honorable title. I attended the summons in company with a brother officer, and certainly, as far as handsome costumes and an excellent supper went, nothing could exceed the entertainment. The mirth, though lively, was not uproarious, and nothing could be better conducted than the whole affair. As I merely bowed formally to the hostess, I was not aware how little she was suited for the title she had falsely assumed; but shortly afterwards I heard more particulars of

the *soi-disant* Baroness. During the time Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, was Ambassador at Paris, her "Ladyship" called upon him, having previously told one of the *attachés* that she had business of the most public and urgent importance to communicate to his Excellency. Sir Charles received the visitor with that frank courtesy which he extended to all classes, and, after begging her to be seated, asked the purport of her communication.

"I have not patience," said the lady, giving vent to a burst of passion, which she had in a great degree subdued while being ushered into the presence of the representative of the Sovereign. "Oh, the wretch!"

Sir Charles looked amazed, and well he might. "Proceed," said he, in a mild voice.

"I tell you what it is, Sir Charles. There's a nice lot of them—there's Martin H—— and Parson Amberose (Ambrose)—two of the most audacious—"

Sir Charles began to fidget; but recovering himself, blandly said, "But to your complaint to me as Ambassador—"

"Why, look you, Sir Charles, I've been done

out of a deal of money; but that's neither here nor there; and that Parson Amberose—why, he be a disgrace to the Church. What do you think, Sir Charles, he does?" There was an awful pause. "Why, he comes and takes the rings off my fingers, half in jest and half in earnest, and goes and pawns them at the Mont de Piété. There's piety for you. Of course you know, Sir Charles, that the Mount de Piété is the 'pop-shop,' and what we call 'spouting' in English, they call 'donner en gage;' for my part, I don't understand such gibberish."

"You had better consult some legal gentleman," responded the Ambassador, "and as I have some letters to write for the mail, which leaves to-day, perhaps you will excuse my retiring."

Her Ladyship, rather crest-fallen, took her departure, muttering vengeance against the whole world—the church in particular. Of course, there was no truth in the charge, which emanated from a disappointed woman.

CHAPTER XII.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE—DUBLIN IN 1794—THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE—WOODSTOCK—HORSE FAIR AT BENNETT'S BRIDGE — JESPOINT ABBEY — KILKENNY CASTLE — CHURCH OF ST. CANICE—ST. MARY'S CHURCH—MONUMENTS OF SIR RICHARD SHEE, CAPTAIN FRED. HOWARD, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR DENIS PACK.

CHAPTER XII.

IRELAND is very different from what it was when I first knew it, during the Vice-royalty of my father; and, certainly, still more different towards the close of the last century, as will be seen by the following extract from the fashionable journal of that day.

"Dublin, November 4th, 1794.

"This day being the anniversary of the birth of the late King William the Third, his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Westmoreland, went in State from the Castle through Dame Street, College Green, Grafton Street, and round St. Stephen's Green.

"The army, upon this occasion, afterwards fired a *feu-de-joie* round the statue of the late King William in College Green.

"His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant had a levee this day at the Castle, previous to his going in State round St. Stephen's Green."

What would our friends in Dublin now think, if the present Lord-Lieutenant was to make a similar display? But my object is not to enter into politics, but rather to describe my impressions of the Emerald Isle, to which I have paid, and still hope to pay, many a visit. The journey to Ireland now is a most agreeable one, especially if you make the Penrhyn Arms, Bangor, a resting place for the night; cross over by day in the splendid steamers, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, or Munster; sleep at Maple's Hotel, Dublin, and then proceed, as I did, on a visit to Woodstock, Inistioge.

There is little to attract the attention of the traveller between Dublin and Kilkenny, with the exception of the fine range of mountains and the Curragh of Kildare. The Curragh, which is the Newmarket of Ireland, is a vast unbroken, bleak plain, consisting of 4,858 statute acres. It belongs to the Crown, and is appropriated to racing and coursing, the adjacent proprietors having the privilege of grazing sheep thereon.

The ranger is appointed by the Government, and has the entire charge of this property. Of the race-meetings that take place on this spot, it is needless to speak, as they rank amongst the best; suffice it to say that the arrangements are well carried out, the prizes considerable, the number of horses that contend for them great, the jockeys, both professional and amateur, good, and the sport first-rate. The camp at the Curragh is also too well-known to merit comment.

After changing trains at Kilkenny we reached Thomastown—one of the most wretched-looking, dilapidated towns I ever saw—where a carriage awaited us, and conveyed us to Woodstock, the hospitable seat of my brother-in-law, the Right Honourable William Tighe. As we drove away, the mail cart, which was in front of us, started off at a prodigious rate, and in less time than I can record it, came to grief. Upon descending a hill the belly-band gave way, the cart, or Irish jaunting car, tilted back, shooting the driver out of it, and away went the horse, like that of Mazeppa, "upon the pinions of the wind."

"Are you hurt, Paddy?" I shouted.

"Not at all, at all, your honour; but, bedad, it might have been worse."

In the mean time the animal had been stopped, was soon brought back to Her Majesty's mail, the harness fastened together by a rope, and off started Paddy, shouting like an Ojibbeway Indian.

Inistioge, anciently called Inisteoc, is a small town overlooking the river Nore, which is crossed by a picturesque bridge of ten arches, ornamented on one side with Ionic pilasters. The town is built in the form of a square, which, being planted with lime-trees, gives it the appearance of a foreign town. In the centre of the square is a small plain pillar based on a pedestal of stone. This was the shaft of an ancient cross, and bears an inscription to the memory of David, Baron of Brownsfield, one of the Fitzgerald family, who died in 1621. The emerald green turf, and the foliage of the trees in the square, give it a fresh appearance, and form an agreeable contrast to the surrounding stone buildings.

Inistioge was once a royal borough, and famed for its religious establishments. It also possessed a large Augustinian monastery, of which all that

now remains are two towers. One of them is incorporated with the parish church; the other, which is not utilized, is square at the base, and octagonal in the upper stages. Of Woodstock itself, I will merely say that the house contains a valuable library and some good paintings. The gardens can find no equal in the United Kingdom, and the grounds, laid out with every diversity that wood and water can bestow, are perfectly beautiful. At the back rises a wooded hill to the height of 900 feet, the summit crowned with an ornamented tower; and as the demesne stretches for a considerable distance along the Nore, there are some magnificent views of

> "The stubborne Neuvre, whose waters grey,
> By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte bend,"

and which fully realizes the words of the poet:—

> "Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full."

One of our next excursions was to Kilkenny, on our way to which city we stopped at Bennett's Bridge to witness the humours of a horse-fair. This small town is famed as having

been the place where the Duke of Ormonde held a review in 1704, which attracted such hosts of visitors, that an inn-keeper is said to have made as much by his beds as paid his rent for seven years. I have attended many fairs in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Hungary, and Canada, but never did I witness such an extraordinary sight as the one that presented itself at Bennett's Bridge. The hamlet itself, and its outskirts, were filled for more than a mile with horses, ponies, and vehicles, attended by a mass of people consisting of dealers, farmers, peasants, tramps, and beggars. There might be seen some "artful dodger" trying to palm off on one less experienced than himself a spicy-looking thorough-bred nag, whose legs showed evident marks of many a hard gallop, declaring that for speed the animal was unequalled, and that there was not a stone wall in the whole country that could stop him.

"I call him change for a sovereign, yer honour, because nothing goes so fast as that."

There might be noticed a gallant colonel of Hussars, attended by his "vet," selecting some

clever three years old, with which to recruit the ranks of Her Majesty's service.

"Bedad, Gineral," exclaims the vendor, "with such a regiment of horses you'd ride over all the cavalry in the world."

A "broth of a boy" may now be pointed out, charging a stone wall with a raw-boned brute that never attempts to rise at it; and turning the animal round, and backing him strongly, he makes an aperture, at the same time singing a snatch of an Irish song to the tune of the "Groves of Blarney," most appropriate for the occasion;—

"Brave Oliver Cromwell,
He did them so pommel,
That he made a breach in her battlements."

There was a ragged urchin, without shoes or stockings, with a hat only fit to scare away birds in a newly-sown wheat-field, and which I was credibly informed, he had picked up by the way. Then there were the usual number of idlers and lookers-on, and an unusual amount of hallooing, shouting, screaming, and bellowing.

After devoting an hour to the humours of the fair, we proceeded to view the remains of the Abbey of Jespoint, which was founded in 1180,

by Donough, King of Ossory, for Cistercian monks. The monks, on the arrival of the English, had interest sufficient with King John to get a confirmation of all the lands bestowed on them by the King of Ossory; and Edward III. in the thirty-fourth year of his reign, at the instance of Phillip, then Abbot, granted him a confirmation of former charters. Oliver Grace, the last abbot, surrendered this abbey on the 18th of March, 1522 to Henry VIII.

It then possessed about 1500 acres of arable and pasture land, three rectories, with the alterages and tithes of thirteen other parishes. All these were granted in the reign of Philip and Mary to James, Earl of Ormonde, and his heirs male, to hold *in capite*, at the yearly rent of £49. 3*s*. 9*d*. It is an interesting ruin, and well worthy the attention of the antiquarian. From Jespoint, we proceeded to Kilkenny Castle, the home of the Ormondes.

Richard Strongbow, by his marriage with Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, came into possession of a great part of the province of Leinster. Henry II. confirmed his right, with the reservation of the maritime ports. On being

appointed Lord Justice of Ireland in 1173, he laid the foundation of a castle in Kilkenny, but it was scarcely finished, when it was demolished by the insurgent Irish. However, William, Earl Marshal, descended from Strongbow, and also Lord Justice, in 1195, began a noble pile on a more extensive scale, and on the ancient site. A great part of this fine castle has survived the convulsions of this distracted kingdom, and continues to this day a conspicuous ornament of the city. A rising ground was chosen, which on one side has a steep and abrupt descent to the river Nore, which effectually protects it from that quarter by its rapid stream; the other sides were secured by ramparts, walls, and towers, and the entrance is through a lofty gate of marble of the Corinthian order.

Hugh Le Despencer, who obtained the castle by marriage, in September, 1391, conveyed it and its dependencies to James, Earl of Ormonde. In later days, the castle has been much improved; the tapestry which adorns the walls of the entrance hall and staircase exhibits the history of Decius; it is admirably executed, and the colours are still fresh and lively. The ball-

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHOUGH the salmon-fishing in Ireland has in many rivers sadly degenerated within a few years, there is still excellent sport to be had in many of the rivers and lakes. The Nore, which flows through the County of Kilkenny, would be a first-rate river for salmon and trout, were it not for the number of wears, and the illegal destruction of the fish by cross-lines and nets. At Mount Juliet, the romantic seat of Lord Carrick, the river is partially preserved; and here, as at Narlands and Dunmore, the angling is excellent.

I must now turn from the "gentle craft" to otter-hunting, a sport still carried on with spirit in Ould Ireland. The mephitic nature of the

otter renders him an easy prey to his pursuers, and his scent is so strong that a good hound will at once challenge it. The lodgings of this subtle plunderer is called his *kennel*, or *couch*, and his occasional lodgements and passages to and fro are called his halts; so clever is he as an architect that he constructs his *couches* at different heights, so that, let the water rise or fall, he has a dry tenement. Spring is the best season for otter-hunting, but it is carried on during Summer in the Emerald Isle, and a day with the amphibious tyrant of the finny tribe in the river Nore, which I enjoyed during the month of September, may not be uninteresting.

At about eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, with a refreshing breeze from the south-east, we met at Coolmore, the seat of P. Connellan, Esq. The harriers belonging to my brother-in-law, and consisting of about six couple of handsome well-sized hounds, about seventeen inches high, met in a field close to the house, attended by a whipper-in, admirably mounted.

The pack seemed to possess all the qualifications of good harriers—fine heads, ear-flaps thin, nostrils open, chests deep, embraced by shoulders

broad, but light, and well thrown back; the fore-legs straight, clean, bony, terminated by round ball-like feet, the hind-legs being angular, and the thighs powerful. The beauty of the morning had attracted a large party of both sexes from the neighbourhood, and one of the ladies managed a cot so ably that she drew forth the following compliment from of the bold peasantry:

"Bedad, Miss, you'd do honour to Cleopatra's galley."

The principal part of the sportsmen and sports-women were on foot, only a few being mounted, and among the fair equestrians was a young lady whose seat and hand were perfect, and who afterwards, with Sir John Power's foxhounds, "cut down" nearly the whole field. Arrived at the river's side, two keepers with loaded guns kept a good look-out for the lurking prey, while the hounds swam across to a small island, where another had been tracked by his *seal*. Shortly a hound was heard to challenge, but on the approach of the pack; the "goose-footed prowler," having been hunted before, left his *couch*, and diving under the water made head up the stream. Now every eye on shore is intent on watching his

ventings, his muzzle appears above the surface for a second; again it disappears, and he can be tracked only by the bubbles of air he throws out. The sport is now exciting. One of the police armed with a primitive spear, which he has taken from a river poacher, and which consists of a three-pronged fork fixed into the end of a long pole, is ready to hurl the weapon, which has proved so fatal to many a salmon, should the otter appear in view, while the staunch hounds are close on the scent.

"Have a care there," cries a keen sportsman, to the preserver of the peace, "don't strike too quickly, or you may transfix a hound instead of the marauding animal."

But he is not doomed to die so inglorious a death as that caused by a rusty fork, for, before the crude spear is hurled, the hounds have seized him, and, after a desperate struggle, in which many of the gallant pack were bitten, have shaken the life out of the captured prey. While enjoying the sport of the morning, my attention was attracted to a young lady, not the Cleopatra before alluded to, on the opposite bank of the river, who, wishing to join our party, entered a

small cot, not much larger than a huge washing-tub, and gallantly paddled herself across the fast flowing stream. So admirably did this lovely daughter of Erin guide her fragile bark, that I could not fail to congratulate her on her prowess. My compliments fell very short of one uttered by a boatman :

"Ay, and sure, Miss, you must be one of the Queen's company; bedad, Miss, you are worthy of taking a cot into the Mediterranean."

The English reader will be surprised to hear of such allusions as those to the Queen of Egypt and the Mediterranean, but I only record what I heard. While upon the clever sayings of the Irish, I must give an anecdote which was told me by the late Sir John Power, than whom a finer sportsman never existed. It seems that the complaints made against the vulpine race by owners of poultry are not confined to England, and upon one occasion a genuine Paddy, Pat Driscoll by name, claimed compensation for damage done to a turkey and duck. This was awarded him, when a week afterwards he waited upon the owner of Kilfane,

and asked for compensation for a "beautiful cow killed by that nasty varmin, a fox."

"A fox kill a cow?" said Sir John. "Impossible!"

"Fait and sure he did," continued Paddy. "I'll tell you how it was. My cow, a beautiful short-horn, was feeding in the meadow close to my garden, and was eating a turnip, when up jumped a baste of a fox, and frightened her so much that, bedad, the poor creature choked herself."

The good-humoured baronet could not fail to be amused at Driscoll's ready wit, but declined paying for the loss of the animal, upon which Pat, not at all taken aback, remarked

"Well, Sir John, it's rather hard upon me; but in future when you run your fox through Kilmacoy—pronounced Kil-my-cow—I hope you'll think of me."

During my visit to Woodstock, I was invited to attend a dinner and amateur performance at Kilfane, an invitation which I gladly accepted. It was given upon the occasion of the approaching marriage of Miss Power and Mr. O'Hara, a barrister of the highest standing, well known and

duly respected in English as well as Irish Election petitions. The burlesque of "Blue Beard, or Fatal Curiosity," was selected, and was admirably acted. Upon this occasion my services as occasional address writer were called into requisition. The following was the result:

KILFANE PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

October 2nd., 1865.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Enter SELIM, *sad and sentimental.*

SELIM. Like a young lover in whose anxious face,
His modest yet ambitious hopes you trace,
To plead the cause of our untutored band,
And claim indulgence from their friends—I stand.

Enter ANNE *animated and angry.*

ANNE. You stand, but not "at ease." "Attention!" here's a mess!
T'was I that should have spoken the address.

SELIM. Not quite so *loud.*

ANNE. You're not al*lowed* a word,
I'll not be *cowed*, I'll bellow till I'm *herd*,
The men have no *address.*

SELIM. That fact confessing,
Yet ladies often give the men *adressing*
In curtain Caudle Lectures.

ANNE. Hold, 'tis certain,
We *prize* no *Pry's* who peep behind the curtain,
Pray, who suggested Blue Beard? who, midst hopes and fears,
Strick*neyn*ed some *nine*teen wives.

SELIM. The strickened *dears*.

ANNE. To please the bride, t'were sure a better boon,
To give the "Wedding Day," or "Honeymoon,"
The "Power of Love."

SELIM. On that, pray lay no stress,
Dis*trest* am I, she'll soon be *power*less,

ANNE. 'Tis true, but think then of the bridegroom's dower,
'Tis not the *Power* of *Love*, but *Love* of *Power*,
Three *tail*ed Bashaw, "I could a *tale* unfold,"
About some other tales, at least I'm told,
Called the O'*Hara*, with wit and talent rife,
Well *lettered*, shortly to be *bound*—for life.

SELIM. Before I take my *leaf*, or make my *bough*,
I *wood* just—

ANNE. You're quite *arboreous* now,
In modern parlance, or as says Sam Slick,
Prythee skedaddle. That is "cut your *stick*."

SELIM. One word, and only one, before we part;
I'll give a toast dear to each Irish heart,
May Kil-*fane* (not Kil-*fenians*) flourish here,
And may Ould Ireland, to all her sons so dear,
Long boast of *Powers* who, with potent sway,
Rule o'er our hearts.

ANNE. "We live but to obey."

In referring to Fenianism, I am reminded of an anecdote. During the time that Fenianism prevailed throughout many parts of Ireland, it was truly gratifying to find that some districts were free from it, and that there were many

"green spots" in the sister country where sport and good-humour were carried on. This will be proved by the following anecdote, which was communicated to me by an officer of one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in Her Majesty's service, the 9th Lancers.

"The inhabitants of the Emerald Isle have ever prided themselves on their hospitality. Bearing this in mind, and determined not to be out-done by the natives, a young cornet, not a hundred miles from Dublin, bethought him to place the sanctuary and comforts of his sitting-room at the disposal of a badger, recently caught by one of the peasantry, until the dog arrived, when it was to be legitimately drawn. Everyone who has been quartered in Ireland knows that in almost every barrack the officers' sitting-room opens into the closet, and so-called bed-room, which contains all that the most inventive talent has contrived in the shape of portable bedstead, washing-stand, table, and bath. In one of these closets our cornet had retired to rest, when, shortly after midnight, he was awoke by feeling his left arm roughly seized. At first he thought he must be in the grasp of a "Head

writing a notice of a "Handy-book upon Horsemanship," for a newspaper with which I was connected, I turned to the "Athenæum," and the first thing that attracted my attention was an advertisement headed, "Wanted a Lecture for a Literary Institution. Apply to the Secretary, Clapham Athenæum." It suddenly occurred to me that an Essay upon Physical Education, which had gained for me the second prize, a silver medal, from the Liverpool Gymnastic Institution, might be available, and I, therefore, lost no time in addressing a few lines to the secretary, offering him the Essay. Upon the following morning he called upon me, read it, explained that in consequence of the illness of a gentleman who was engaged to give the next lecture, he had been requested to take his place, and having no lecture ready had advertised for one.

"As my time is very much engaged," he said, "I should esteem it a very great favour if you would kindly deliver it next Monday at the Athenæum. We will send a carriage for you to take you to Clapham and home."

After a little hesitation I consented, and at eight o'clock on the following Monday I found

myself on the platform, with a table and desk before me, and a bottle of water to recruit my spirits. The audience were very attentive, and at the conclusion of my address a vote of thanks was proposed and carried unanimously. The next morning, great was my delight to see in two influential newspapers a most flattering notice of the Lecture and Lecturer. This led to other applications, and since that to me eventful evening, I have travelled upwards of 10,000 miles and given two hundred lectures.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality I have met with during my lecturing tours, and I have formed acquaintances and friends whose society I value most highly. During the period I refer to, I have only passed eighteen nights at hotels, and this reminds me of an adventure I had when visiting Ebbw Vale. I left Paddington early in the morning, under the impression that I should have ample time at Gloucester and Newport to refresh the inward man, but, unfortunately, owing to a slight accident, such was not the case, and I reached my destination a little after seven. A boy was waiting for me at the station, who apologised for not having brought a conveyance, the flies

being all specially engaged. I then inquired where the hotel was.

"Not far off," he replied, "but this week it is crammed full, for it is pay week."

Anxious to tidy myself, I at once proceeded to the Hall, over a road which, owing to the rain that was falling, was a mass of mud. There I was kindly welcomed by the Secretary of the Institution, to whom I told my piteous tale, namely, that I was half starved owing to the delay in my journey down. In less than ten minutes my eyes were gratified by the sight of a napkin white as snow, upon which appeared a loaf of household bread, an excellent cheese, and a large tankard of ale. I have during my long experience enjoyed many a luxurious meal, of turtle, venison, champagne, and claret, but I never enjoyed any meal half so much as I did that at Ebbw Vale, with appetite for sauce. Fortunately a bed had been secured for me at the hotel, and fatigued with my long journey, I soon forgot my cares in sleep. As the train to London started early, I was up betimes, and when dressed, upon opening my door, I found myself in a passage out of which there appeared to be no egress. I walked to the

right hand and to the left, every door was closed. Knowing that the hotel was full of those who came to make large payments, I felt that, if I opened a wrong door, I might be looked upon and treated as a robber, and if I did not make the attempt I should be late for the train. So, having in vain searched for a bell, I stealthily opened a door to the left, and found that some female, probably the barmaid, had occupied it. I tried another, when I was greeted by a hoarse male voice asking "Who's there?" Hastily closing the door, I this time succeeded in catching hold of a wire that ran along the passage. This communicated with a bell, which brought up the chamber-maid, who showed me the way to the railroad; and after a dirty walk of more than a quarter of a mile, I found myself snugly ensconced in a railway-carriage *en route* to Newport where I breakfasted.

I have often seen farces in which the incidents turn upon the number of doors that lead to different apartments, and which cause no end of troubles and mishaps, and I certainly congratulate myself that I escaped scot-free from this hotel, for I fully expected that, if not given up to the police for burglary, I should at least have been

maimed by some missile in the shape of a poker or boot-jack hurled at me by some infuriated individual whose rest I had disturbed, and who might have taken me for a returned ticket-of-leave man—for the mud upon my boots and trowsers, and the soaking my hat had received, did not add much to the respectability of my appearance.

An adventure in the Lecture Hall must be recorded. One evening, when delivering my personal reminiscences of Wellington at Maidstone, I heard sundry noises issuing from behind the platform, which sounded like applause mingled with peals of laughter. This rather put me out, but I went through my work, and at the termination learnt that the sounds I had heard proceeded from an adjoining room, in which a conjurer was showing off his feats, making pancakes in hats, burning pocket-handkerchiefs and restoring them whole, and performing other mysteries. Applause from the front is very gratifying, but not so from behind, so I have made up my mind never to appear when there are two "Richmonds in the field," or, to use a more homely simile, "two Kings of Brentford."

This reminds me of an incident which happened to an author, not lecturer. At the first representation of the "Ecole des Vieillards," at Paris, one of the author's friends found him in the slips in agony, pale and desperate.

"Well, all goes admirably."

"I am lost! they hiss," replied the distracted listener.

"What do you mean? Do you not hear the bravos and the clapping?"

"I am lost! they hiss, I tell you," was the rejoinder.

The friend could not explain this strange misapprehension, when on a sudden a door of the corridor opened, and in closing made a noise exactly similar to the appalling sound which had plunged the author into despair.

"There, did you not hear it?" exclaimed he.

It was with difficulty the poet could be convinced that the sound was not human; but at length he shook his friend by the hand, crying:

"*Maudite porte, que tu m'as fait du mal!*"

The *maudite porte*, however, had not yet fulfilled its destiny. At the moment of Talma's entrance

on the stage in the third act, the door opened, and for an instant the author was evidently pale.

"I foresaw it," he said to himself. However, he soon proved to be a false prophet, for in spite of the creaking door he was rapturously applauded.

Upon another occasion, I was invited to give a lecture at Great Malvern, and this led to a chapter of accidents which happily ended satisfactorily. The name of the gentleman who engaged me was rather (at least to my ears) a peculiar one, and in consequence of not receiving an immediate answer to a letter on business, it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a hoax. This was partly confirmed, in my distempered imagination, by my fancying that the application came from a master of a college or school, the name being rather suggestive of that birchen instrument of torture used and occasionally abused at "Academies for Youths." Moreover, the illustration at the top of the note-paper appeared to me to represent a building and a garden admirably adapted for scholastic purposes.

However, hoax or no hoax, I was determined to keep my appointment, more especially as to

pass through Great Malvern upon my return from lecturing at Claughton, near Birkenhead, would not take me much out of my way. Receiving no letter in reply to my application to have a programme forwarded to me, that I might ascertain at what hour the lecture commenced, my former impression was confirmed, but nevertheless I proceeded from the somewhat dark and dingy atmosphere of Birkenhead to the bright and cheery climate of the garden of England, Worcestershire. Upon reaching the railway platform, I lost no time in looking about to see if there were any "posters" announcing the Lecture, but could find none. Entering the omnibus, I desired the conductor to set me down at Dr. ——'s, and, on my way to his house, all I could see in the shop-windows was an announcement of a dramatic performance by some strollers, and a concert bill, the date of which I could not make out, owing to the pace at which we drove through the small but picturesque town.

Upon reaching the Doctor's, who I had imagined was a LL.D., and not an M.D., I inquired if he was at home, and to my dismay heard that he was not. I was, however, ushered into a snug warm room, where I soon got over one of my

discomforts, that of being nearly frozen to death. Another one, however, remained, and that was hunger; for I had left Claughton after a very early breakfast, and the train, having been unusually late at Hereford, where I had hoped to lunch, all I could procure in my haste was a stale and tasteless bun. Nine hours with scarcely any food, and an appetite considerably increased by a long journey and the brisk air of the Malvern Hills, had made me ravenous, and while considering whether it would not be advisable to proceed at once to the "Foley Arms," a hostellerie in which I passed a week most pleasantly, many years ago, long before Limited Liability Companies, hotels, and railways were even in prospective existence, a loud ringing at the door-bell was heard, and in a few seconds the owner of the house made his appearance.

He welcomed me cordially, and told me he had fully intended meeting me at the station, but that a professional engagement had prevented him, adding: "You need some refreshment after your long journey."

Somehow or other, a vision of tea and thin slices of bread-and-butter flitted across my brain,

so I replied "I was on the point of proceeding to the 'Foley Arms' to get some dinner," I laid a great stress upon dinner, "and order a bed."

"Oh, we have prepared both," responded my hospitable host, "your dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes; we dined early—in the meantime let me show you to your room."

My mind relieved, I made my toilet, and descended into the dining-room, where a most comfortable meal was served by a most respectable and portly butler. One thing surprised me; upon looking at the table and at the side-board, all I could discover were two richly-cut bottles filled with sparkling water.

"The champagne is being iced," thought I, "or the sherry has been put before the fire, just to take the chill off."

My dinner was half concluded, when my host entered the room, and his first remark took me aback.

"I hope you don't drink wine, beer, or spirits, for we are all water-drinkers!"

Anyone who some half-century ago saw the late William Farren's face, when as Lord Ogilby

in the "Clandestine Marriage," he, with horror, exclaimed "Hot rolls and butter in the middle of July!" will have no faint idea of what my countenance was when, after a long journey, with a lecture of an hour and a quarter in prospect, I was told that I who had been accustomed to a daily allowance of malt, wine, or spirits, was to be converted into a water-drinker, and that my head-quarters for the night were to be at a hydropathic establishment, where there was not the remotest chance of getting a glass of "toddy" before retiring to bed. Whether my elongated features showed my discomfiture, I know not, but, after a moment's consideration, the kind-hearted Dr. —— made some communication to the butler, if such a name can be fairly given to one who has no buttry or cellar under his control, who immediately left the room, and after a time returned with a pint bottle of Allsop's ale, whether kept for weak patients, or procured from some neighbouring establishment, I know not, but which was to me one of the most grateful draughts I ever imbibed. Happily I had in my portmanteau a flask containing some "Mountain Dew," which was sufficient

to give me a glass of whiskey-and-water, taken on the sly before I went to bed.

This was the second time, and I trust it will be last, that I found myself a martyr to the so-called water-cure; once at the Waverley Hotel, Edinburgh, an excellent house, barring the teetotal system, where, upon ordering dinner and a pint of sherry, before proceeding on a night's journey, I was told that I could have the dinner, but that "sic like drink was not allowed;" and secondly at Great Malvern, where, pure as is the element, I always practically carry out the system of the Scotchman, who, upon being offered a glass of water, added a small portion of Glenlivet whiskey, "just," as he said, "to kill the animalculæ."

Upon more than one occasion, I ran considerable risk of being unable to deliver my Lecture, though announced, for twice was my book absent without leave. Upon proceeding to Southampton, where I was to give my "Reminiscences of Theodore Hook, his Hoaxes and Jokes," at the Hartley Institution, I happened to travel with two very fidgety gentlemen, who kept on changing seats, opening and shutting

the windows, and moving their travelling-bags, hat-boxes, and umbrellas in every direction. My book, tied up in an old newspaper, I kept on my knees, for fear of losing it. As we approached Portswood, the last station before Southampton, one of the gentlemen began to hesitate whether he had better get out there or go on to Southampton. First he thought he would, then he thought he would not, but at last, just as the train was on the move, he decided to leave the carriage, and making a sudden bolt, the cloak in which he was enveloped swept my book away and landed it on the platform. "Stop," I shouted, but the train was in motion, and all I could do was to bellow to a porter to look after my parcel. As the platform was tolerably full, it being market-day, I thought that either some honourable man would pick it up, with a view of forwarding it as addressed, or that it might perchance fall into the hands of one not over-scrupulous as to his neighbour's property, though in either case there was very little chance of my receiving the MS. in time for the Lecture.

No sooner did I reach Southampton than I explained the circumstance to the General

Manager, who kindly offered me every assistance, at the same time expressing a fear that the parcel might be detained, in order to get the reward for finding it, but that eventually I should be almost sure to receive it. This piece of comfort, like that given to Job, increased rather than diminished my fears, and, to adopt a slang phrase, I thought I should be obliged to "*hook* it," and have an apology made for my absence. Fortunately at this moment a guard, whom I had once had it in my power to serve, came up, and, having heard of my loss, said he would proceed in a train just about to start for Portswood, and, if he obtained possession of my M.S., would be back in less than an hour, either by rail or cab. For more than an hour I wandered about the station like a perturbed spirit; but at last to my delight I saw the smiling face of the guard, who restored the lost treasure, just in time to enable me to dress at the hospitable house of Dr. Bond.

Upon another occasion, after giving a lecture upon "Locomotion" at Bradford, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I proceeded with a kind friend, the Reverend W. G. Beardmore, and his amiable wife, in a cab to the station, in order to catch

the train for Heckmondaike, where we were to dine with Sir Charles Firth, whose carriage was to meet us. Little time was to be lost, as I was to lecture that evening again on "Locomotion" at Cleckheaton, and as the bell was ringing when we reached the station at Bradford, and there was the usual noise and bustle, I did not discover that the book which I had previously held in my hand was missing, until I entered the carriage.

"I'll run and stop the cab," cried my Reverend friend.

"I'll go and see if you dropped it when getting the tickets," said his wife.

"And I'll hunt everywhere," I exclaimed.

At last "take your seats" was heard, so I immediately whisked my leather travelling-bag out of the carriage, and waited as patiently as I could the return of my friends.

"I have found the cab," said Mr. Beardmore, panting and gasping for breath, for he had run at least a quarter of a mile after it, "but no book."

Mrs. Beardmore informed me too that she had been unsuccessful.

"What is to be done?" I said, in a strain

worthy of the melancholy Jaques, for hope had now vanished.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Beardmore, with woman's cleverness, "the lady who got into the carriage may have swept it away; if so, it will be on the rail."

"Bring your light, porter," said I, though still feeling it was a "forlorn hope."

"Why, there is something there," replied the man, "is it that you're seeking?"

The bull's-eye was placed opposite the object, which, to my great delight, I saw was my MS.

"Can't get it," continued the man, "till the train goes on."

"But we want to go by that train," we all three exclaimed, knowing that the carriage would be in waiting, and the dinner ready.

"Can't help that, off she goes; but fortunately there is another train to Heckmondaike in ten minutes."

The first train moved on, my bag and good temper were restored, and both the carriage and dinner waited our arrival. "All's well that ends well," thought we.

It is gratifying to record that upon no occa-

sion, during my lecturing career, have I been subjected to any intentional annoyance or interruption, though I have not been quite exempt from unintentional ones. When I first appeared on the platform, with the usual table covered with red cloth, and the inevitable decanter of water and a tumbler, I was naturally a little nervous, or, more strictly speaking, nervously anxious that the Lecture should go off well, and therefore feared any interruption would upset me for the moment. Once when I was delivering my "Personal Reminiscences of Wellington," at the Crystal Palace, by daylight, always the most trying hour, to a large and enlightened audience, I was suddenly startled by the sound of a band of wind-instruments, which reminded me of Theodore Hook's remark on the Duke of Darmstadt's brass band. "They well nigh stun me," said he, "those terrible wind instruments, which roar away in defiance of all rule, except that which Hoyle addresses to young whist-players, when in doubt, 'Trump it.'" Again the sound was heard, and some juveniles, who, the moment before, had been intently listening to anecdotes

of the Iron Duke, immediately left their seats and rushed out of the room.

I was proceeding with my Lecture, when loud laughter and a clapping of hands were heard from without, instead of from within, as I should have wished. It then flashed across my mind that, before entering Paxton's great work of Art, I had seen bills placarded, announcing that an equestrian entertainment was to take place during the afternoon, and this I afterwards found out to be the case; for a Circus performance was going on within a short distance of the Lecture Hall, since burnt down. Fortunately for me, the entertainment was not known to the majority of my listeners, or the attractions of some daring rider, some graceful tight-rope *danseuse*, or some witty "grotesque," might have thinned my room, the public at large naturally preferring sensational feats to the less exciting details of even such a life as Wellington's.

The next interruption that happened to me was when I was lecturing for a Ragged School in Bermondsey. The room being immediately under the railway, the noise of the trains, at intervals of ten or twenty minutes, sounded like

that counterfeit thunder which is used at theatres, and the first clap took me quite aback, for I thought the roof was falling in. I was, however, soon satisfied upon that point by a Member of the Committee who sat near me, and all I regretted was that the applause I met with, great as it was, did not come up to the thundering noise that fell on my devoted head from above.

CHAPTER XIV.

VENERATION FOR THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LECTURES EAGERLY ATTENDED BY THE LOWER CLASSES — DEGENERACY OF "PENNY READINGS"— LECTURERS "ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE"—WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE COMMENDATION OF WOMEN BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE of, to me, the most pleasing features in my lecturing career, was the appreciation shown to the subject of my lectures for, whenever and wherever I attended, from a fashionable and enlightened audience, in some brilliant and spacious well-built Hall, down to the most humble gathering of working men in a badly-lit club-room, the mention of "Albert the Good" and Wellington was invariably received with the most enthusiastic applause, and even a passing allusion to Her Majesty was ever greeted with affectionate loyalty. I have been in towns conspicuous for what is termed, even by the inhabitants themselves, radicalism; yet, judging from the manner in which constitutional sentiments,

monarchical opinions, and ante-levelling doctrines were received, I should have imagined myself in an atmosphere of genuine conservatism.

The patriotic career of the late Prince Consort, his domestic qualities, his love of the Arts and Sciences, his deep interest in the welfare of the humbler classes, his virtuous and blameless life, were listened to with the deepest attention, eliciting bursts of applause; while the more exciting records of the "Iron Duke," his valorous deeds on the banks of the Douro, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Garonne, the transcendent glories of Waterloo, his unalloyed patriotism, his simple and unostentatious habits, his devotion to his Sovereign and his country, were cheered to the echo, thus proving to me that the memory of Wellington will ever remain an imperishable monument enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, inciting them to aim at like deeds.

Another feature that impressed itself strongly on my mind, was the attention the very humbler classes paid to quotations from our best writers, both in prose and poetry. Upon one occasion I gave a Lecture at an Institute in the East end

of London, and in a district which bears an unenviable notoriety, it being the harbour of refuge for dog-stealers, a place where the majority of the inhabitants, in the words of the last Westminster Play Epilogue.

> " Have o'ergrown the narrow limits quite,
> Existing once between *meum* and *tuum*."

The subject was " Anecdotes of Dogs," and, in describing the canine race, I quoted lines from Milton, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Byron, Crabbe, Pope, Mrs. Houston, and others, all of which were listened to with the deepest interest; and I came away with the conviction that, if penny readings were kept up according to the original intention, that of elevating instead of lowering the mind, and that if specimens of our best authors, instead of a great amount of modern trash, were introduced, the audiences would listen with avidity, and, at the same time, gain as much instruction as amusement. Comic songs, recitations, dialogues in character, and scenes from screaming farces, have in too many instances driven the more legitimate readings from the platform. At more than one Penny Reading, scenery and theatrical dresses have been intro-

duced; and, under the head of "Readings from Maddison Morton," "Box and Cox" has been acted. An excellent farce I admit, but as many who attend Penny Readings are conscientiously opposed to the theatre, it is hardly fair to introduce any play, however unobjectionable. While upon this subject I may remark that it occasionally happens that the Lecturers fail to bring their notes with them, and are compelled to extemporize.

I heard of an instance where a distinguished Lecturer announced one upon "Memory" (not Mr. Stokes, I make this exception, because the name of that gentleman is so justly associated with the subject of "Memory," that it would naturally occur to many that it was to him I referred,) and who upon ascending the platform found that his own memory had been defective, for he had forgot to bring his lecture. Another case occurs to me. A gentleman had been announced, but, being taken ill, he sent his "better half" to take his part, and by all accounts she executed her task in a manner that left the audience nothing to wish for. As a set off to the above, I may mention that upon another occasion, when

a lady was unexpectedly called upon to do duty for her husband, the audience showed some dissatisfaction, and the Lecture was abruptly terminated. Let us hope it was the matter, not the manner, that was objected to, for it would be a great slur upon English gallantry to think that any audience would, by such marks of disapprobation, drive a lady from the platform.

Having upon more than one occasion been called upon to take the chair at Meetings held to advocate Woman's Suffrage, and having after mature deliberation responded to the call, I wish briefly to state my reasons for thus desiring to confer the Parliamentary Franchise upon Women. First and foremost, I consider that under a free government, every citizen who possesses property and pays rates has a right to share in choosing those who make the laws, the criminal, the insane, and those unable to support themselves excepted. If this proposition be granted, why should women be excluded from the Franchise? "Is it just?" as the Reverend Canon Kingsley asks, "that an educated man who is able independently to earn his own livelihood should have a vote, but that an equally educated woman, equally able indepen-

dently to earn her own livelihood, should not? Is it just that a man owning a certain quantity of property should have a vote in respect of that property, but that a woman owning the same quantity of property, and perhaps a hundred or a thousand times more, should have no vote?" And when I find among the disfranchised such names as those of Mrs. Somervillle, Harriet Martineau, Miss Burdett Coutts—now an ornament to the peerage, Lady Burdett Coutts—Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, Louisa Twining, Miss Marsh, and many others of equal intellectual and moral worth, I cannot help feeling the injustice of the case.

The middle classes, too, suffer materially, as their inability to vote tends extensively to deter landlords interested in politics from accepting them as tenants, even in cases where they have long conducted the business of the hotels, the inns, the farms, and shops to whose tenure they seek to succeed. But it appears to me an anomaly that the women of England, who stand pre-eminently forward for intellect, virtue, and good-sense, and who exhibit through long years of toil that courage and patience which few of

the sterner sex can boast of, should be debarred from giving their votes as widows and spinsters, for married women would be excluded. There is an evident unfairness about this, but happily a move has been made in the right direction, and women are now eligible to take part in our municipal school-boards, and if they are equal to that, what reason can there be for excluding them from the franchise? And here I will remark that the highest personage in this realm is a woman—"wearing the white flower of a blameless life," and whose assiduity and capability in public affairs are known to all.

In conclusion, almost every writer in prose and poetry has spoken in commendation of woman. Bunyan remarks "I will say again that, when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in him before either man or angel. I read not ever man did give unto Him so much as one groat, but the women followed Him and ministered to Him of their substance. It was a woman that washed His feet with tears, and a woman that annointed His body to the burial. They were women that wept when He was going to the Cross, and women that followed Him from the

Cross, and that sat by the sepulchre, when He was buried. They were women who were first with Him at his resurrection morn; and women that brought tidings first to His disciples that He was risen from the dead. Women, therefore, are highly honoured, and show by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life."

Robert Burns, the greatest poet (save Shakespeare) who has sprung from the humbler ranks of society, thus eulogises the fair sex :—

" There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O!

" Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"

It would seem by the above lines that Nature hoped to make the best of her first bungle by putting a good face on it with her second attempt.

Shakespeare thus describes woman :—

" See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!"

Again Walter Scott writes,

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

And I myself have witnessed scenes in which the above lines, and those I am about to quote from Gerald Griffin and Alaric Watts, have been realized.

"Unshrinking when pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she glides mid the vapour of death."

If I required a further illustration, I could find it in the persons of our gracious Sovereign, the Empress of the French, and numerous other women of our own land, who, when the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian character and Christian patriotism, leads the way, may be found in the loathsome hospitals of war, or in those where the scourge of disease is raging. All remember the Queen's attention to her brave wounded Crimean soldiers—none can be unmindful of the noble conduct of the Empress of the French in visiting the hospitals during the time the cholera raged at Paris,

" Leaving, perhaps, some gay and happy home,
Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath;
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of pestilence and death."

CHAPTER XV.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA—THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT—THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT—THE PRINCESS OF WALES—ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS AND THEIR CONSORTS—QUEEN CHARLOTTE—QUEEN CAROLINE—QUEEN ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE of the most interesting and brilliant sights I ever witnessed was the marriage of Queen Victoria, which august ceremony took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 10th of February, 1840. Through the kindness of my friend, the Earl of Erroll, at that time the Lord Steward, I had an excellent place allotted to me, which enabled me to see the entire ceremony. Never shall I forget the dignified and happy countenance of our Sovereign, or the noble presence of Prince Albert, who, with an erect carriage, and a smile which irradiated with pleasure his usual earnest, thoughtful look, gazed fondly on her who was to become the life of his life, as he was to the last the life of her

life. Among those who were present upon that occasion how few are left! It would be a mournful task to record the illustrious names of those that graced that ceremony, but who now, alas! are in their silent graves. And here I cannot refrain from referring to the Royal Marriage Act, which happily, in our day, has been modified by the union of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

In every station of life, from the rural country lass to the daughter of the patrician who can date his pedigree back to the Conquest, a free unrestricted choice of a partner for life has been permitted. One exception existed, and that was with respect to the Sovereign and Royal Family of England, who, being unable to marry any except of illustrious birth, were compelled to form alliances with distinguished foreigners. The statute enacts that no descendant of George II. (other than the issue of princesses married into foreign families) shall marry any subject without the consent of the reigning Sovereign, signified under the Great Seal; and if the marriage be contracted without such consent it is void. It is provided, however, that such descendants

as are above the age of twenty-five, may, after a twelvemonth's notice given to the Privy Council, marry without the consent of the Crown, unless both Houses of Parliament, before the end of that period declare their disapprobation. By the common law of England, independent of the Marriage Act, the reigning Sovereign has always the right to control the marriage of his or her children and heirs, and of the heir-presumptive to the throne. The Royal Marriage Act only provides that no descendant of George II. shall have a right to marry without that consent, except under certain circumstances.

Now I am not unjust or illiberal enough to say that none but Englishwomen make good wives, or none but Englishmen good husbands; but I will fearlessly avow my belief that, in ninety cases out of a hundred, no one of either sex, born in the United Kingdom, who marries a foreigner is as happy as he or she would be, had the selection been confined to our native land. The habits, tastes, and views of the inhabitants, high and low, of every nation differ, and it is difficult to reconcile the variance. If we lived in a Palace of Truth, and could hear the lamentations

of many a poor, fond English girl who has sacrificed her happiness by leaving home, kith, kin, and friends for foreign lands; if we listened to the regrets of the unfortunate Benedicks who have led to the hymeneal altar some unsophisticated demoiselle from a convent, or some more experienced dame from the gay throngs of continental cities, the cry would be that of Sterne's starling—for liberty. With two bright exceptions before us, those of our Gracious Sovereign, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, I may be asked, "Where could the fair daughter of our Isle, the love of millions," have found a partner more congenial than the late Prince Consort; or where could the heir to the throne have selected a more lovely bride than the Rose of Denmark, one who when "pain and anguish wrung the brow" of the husband of her choice, proved herself a "ministering angel," fully realizing the lines of the poet:—

> "Never did beauty in its loftiest pride
> A splendour boast that may compare with thine,
> Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
> Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine."

I readily grant that such has been the case,

but there are many exceptions to every rule. Besides no one would wish to debar any member of the Royal Family from selecting a foreigner, if she or he liked so to do; all I contend for is that they should be allowed to make a choice among the high-born of our own country. Let not the term I have made use of be misunderstood. By high-born, I mean those who have Nature's nobility stamped upon them—pure minds and loving hearts.

Let me go back to prove that I am not prejudiced, and refer to some of the distinguished foreigners who have been united to England by marriage since the Conquest. Matilda of Flanders, Queen of William the Conqueror, was no less celebrated for her learning than for her great beauty; she was, according to William of Malmesbury that famed historian of the twelfth century, "a singular mirror of prudence, and the perfection of virtue." Adélais of Louvain, second Queen of Henry I., known as the "fair maid of Brabant," was conspicuous for accomplishments; Matilda of Boulogne, wife of Stephen, set a bright example to every royal female in the married state; Eleanora of Aquitaine, the divorced

wife of Louis VII. of France, Queen of Henry II., received the following panegyric from Agnes Strickland, "She was among the very few women who have atoned for an ill-spent youth by a wise and benevolent old age; as a Sovereign she ranks among the greatest of female rulers." Gallantry to the talented authoress prevents my saying more than that I do not quite endorse the above opinion. Berengaria of Navarre, Queen Consort of Richard I., and Isabella of Angoulême, daughters-in-law to Eleanora of Aquitaine, merit notice. The former was famed for her forgiving nature and conjugal virtue; while Isabella, Queen Consort of King John, was taught a lesson in adversity, that beauty, power, and royalty were worse than useless when unaccompanied with moral excellence. Eleanor of Provence, surnamed La Belle, the Queen of Henry III., can only be referred to as the most unpopular Queen that ever presided over the Court of England; Eleanor of Castile, first Queen of Edward I., fully merited the title of "the faithful;" his second Queen, Marguerite of France, mourned over the death of her aged husband in a manner that, in a widow of twenty-six, would appear exaggerated, had not the

remainder of her life proved the sincerity of her grief. I pass over Isabella of France, surnamed the Fair Queen of Edward II., and turn to a more grateful theme, Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III., who is thus described :—

"This Philippe, dowered in gifts full rare and treasures of the mind,
In beauty bright, religion, faith to all and each most kind."

The above lines are from the Latin epitaph in Westminster Abbey, thus translated by Skelton. Anne of Bohemia fully merited the title of "the Good." The grief of her husband Richard II. when she died, was most acute. His second wife, Isabella of Valois, became a widow in her thirteenth year. Therefore I do not dwell on the life of "The Little Queen," as she was called. Joanna of Navarre, Queen of Henry IV., must be passed over, as the records of her English life are somewhat obscure. William of Worcester describes Katherine of Valois, consort of Henry V., as follows :—

"As maid and widow both,
A perfect flower of modesty esteemed."

The career of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., is of of such a romantic nature that it would take volumes to describe it. Katherine of

Arragon and Anne of Cleves were victims to the unbridled licentiousness of Henry VIII. Anne of Denmark, Queen Consort of James the First, King of Great Britain and Ireland has been immortalized by Camden, and by King James himself; the latter of whom wrote the following lines, containing an allusion to the comet, supposed to forebode his consort's death :—

"Thee to invite the great God sent a star,
His nearest friend and kin good princes are,
Who, though they run their race of man, and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty,
So did my queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead—no good prince dies,
But like the sun, doth only set to rise."

Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, Queen Consort of Charles I., who surnamed herself *la reine malheureuse*, seems to have been doomed to as sad a fate as that of "the Queen of Tears," Margaret of Anjou. Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, loved passionately and fondly her profligate husband, Charles II., and cherished his memory with devoted tenderness, and when we consider the many offences he had committed against her, and the open outrages

to common decency that he had perpetrated, all must admit that the daughter of John, Duke of Braganza, was a most forgiving wife" Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II., was descended from the house of Este, a family to whom Europe is indebted for its encouragement of literature and fine arts; and I may here remark that Queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which in the year 1000 divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning Prince Azo, Marquis of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph.

"When the eldest of his two sons by this alliance took the name and estates of his German mother, the younger became the representative of the House of Este in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united Duchies of Ferrara and Modena," so writes Agnes Strickland of this ill-fated Queen. The Duke de St. Simon wrote as follows: "Her death was as holy as her life. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest." And the mother of the Regent Orleans,

after an acquaintance of nearly thirty years with the exiled queen recorded the worth and virtues of Mary Beatrice. Sophia Dorothea, Queen of George I., was so great a victim to the persecutions of her husband, that I cannot find it in my heart to censure her, unless it were for selecting so presuming a confidant as Count Königsmark. The infidelity of her lord, the degrading accusation brought by him against the woman he had sworn to love, his harshness to his legitimate son and daughters, and the open manner in which he blazoned forth his vicious German mistresses, must palliate in some degree the faults of this ill-fated daughter of Zell. But enough of the royal profligate, who never could appreciate the worth of a pure woman of refined taste and delicacy—a woman who, after her captivity at Ahlden, never failed to exhibit mildness and dignity, and who on receiving the Sacrament every week, never omitted to make the most solemn asseverations of her innocence.

Dr. Doran, who is never backward in speaking his mind, however unpalatable it may prove to those sycophantic courtiers who uphold every monarch though steeped in the deepest crimes,

thus alludes to the establishment of the honest, dull German gentleman:

"A pleasant household, a sorry hearth, mistresses resting their rouged cheeks on the Monarch's bosom, a wife in prison, and a son hating her oppressor, and loving, but not redressing the oppressed."

Caroline, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach, Queen of George II., was a, clever woman, and a pattern of conjugal virtue. Queen Charlotte, daughter of the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was exemplary as a wife and mother, but too importunate in the disposal of ministerial patronage, so loudly complained of by Lord Chancellor Eldon, and she carried her love for economy beyond the bounds of regal propriety. The personal property of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte was sworn under £140,000, and in her will, she directed that the diamonds given her by the King on her marriage, should revert to the King, on the recovery of his mental faculties. This was just and noble. In the event of the King not recovering, the diamonds were to be made over to the Crown of Hanover. The splendid tribute which the Nabob of Arcot had

presented to her, with all her other jewels, was divided equally among four of her daughters, the Queen of Würtemburg being the one excepted. Frogmore was bequeathed to Princess Augusta, and her plate, linen, pictures, china, books, furniture, &c., were left to the above mentioned four Princesses. The whole of the property which the royal and penurious testatrix declared she had brought with her fifty years before from Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was ordered by her will to be sent back to her native country—a grateful return for the millions she had received from England. Proceed we to her successor.

The authoress of "Corinne" remarks: "That society, and, perhaps, even Providence vouchsafes but a single blessing to women—that of being loved after marriage;" and certainly, if ever female was deprived of that bliss, it was Caroline of Brunswick, who, upon her arrival in England, was coldly received by her affianced husband, ridiculed by a female favourite of the profligate Prince, neglected as a wife, deprived of intercourse with her daughter, excluded from Court, contemptuously treated by the courtiers of the Regent, degraded by the newly crowned

monarch, and persecuted after death by the disrespect shown by the Government to her remains. Making allowances for these grievances, no one can acquit Queen Caroline of great indiscretion, if not of actual crime. All that can be said in her palliation is that her religious education had been sadly neglected, and being an ardent, spirited girl, she forgot the duties belonging to her station. There can, however, be no doubt that the sister of the ill-fated Duke of Brunswick was not a good importation into this country, for, however ill the "First Gentleman of the land" behaved to her—and George IV. behaved scandalously—the character of his consort was not such as could have found favour in the eyes of any respectable family in England.

The character of Queen Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, has been too recently before the world to require any notice, further than to say, she was exemplary in every duty of life. The careful reader will find in tracing the above slightly sketched characters of foreigners united by marriage to our Sovereigns, that out of the number referred to, were seven conspicuous for beauty and goodness, eight for

their excellence as faithful wives, three doubtful, three bad, four unfortunate in their union, and two victims to their unprincipled husbands. The above speaks well for foreign ladies, and some of those who cannot claim good marks might have done so had their husbands treated them better.

Many of the above Sovereigns married daughters of the United Kingdom, but their lives are, comparatively speaking, obscure. The first wife of Henry I. was the daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland; John, surnamed Lackland, married a daughter of William, Earl of Gloucester, but was afterwards divorced from her on the plea of consanguinity; Henry IV. took the youngest daughter of the Earl of Hereford as his first wife; Edward IV. was united to the daughter of Earl Rivers; the tyrant Richard married a daughter of the Earl of Warwick; Henry VII. married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV.; Henry VIII. had four English wives; and James II. married a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.

I have referred to Queen Adelaide, which reminds me of one or two anecdotes of William the Fourth. One day at dinner, Berkeley Paget,

brother to *the* Marquis of Anglesey, after discussing the question of Catholic Emancipation, said, "I never wish to see Your Royal Highness King."

"I think we had better join the ladies," replied the Duke of Clarence, without noticing the not very gracious speech of his guest. To show that the "Sailor King," did not bear malice, he, when he became Sovereign, appointed a daughter of Berkeley Paget's to a situation about Court. In earlier life, the Duke applied to the Privy Council to have his debts paid. This being refused, he proposed to Miss Tilney Long, but Wellesley Pole, afterwards Lord Mornington, who was also urging his suit, pointed out that it would only be a left-handed marriage, so the heiress refused the Prince of the Blood, and married the Commoner, immortalized by the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' "Long may Long Tilney, Long Pole Wellesley live!" The Duke afterwards proposed to Miss Wickham, but was again unsuccessful; he, however, forgave the slight and created her a peeress in her own right. The King's remark upon Philpot, Bishop of Exeter, showed good common sense. "I expect much talent without much discretion and judgment."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT—REVIEW IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—THE ROYAL SALUTE—TRIBUTE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES — REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON III.— AFFABILITY OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE — LETTERS FROM ADMIRAL SIR RODNEY MUNDY AND ADMIRAL HORNBY — LETTER TO COMTE D'AVILLIER — DEATH OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

CHAPTER XVI.

I MUST now pay a passing tribute to the memory of the late Prince Consort. It has been said, and truly said, by a popular writer from whom I quote, that there is nothing which England so much appreciates as the fulfilment of duty. "Prince Albert not only was eminent for the fulfilment of his duty, but it was the fulfilment of the highest duty; and it was the fulfilment of the highest duty under the most difficult circumstances. Prince Albert was the consort of his Sovereign. He was the father of one who might be his Sovereign. He was the prime counsellor of a realm the political constitution of which did not even recognize his political existence; yet, under these circumstances, he

elevated even the throne by the dignity and purity of his domestic life. He framed, and partly accomplished, a scheme of education for the heir of England which proves how completely its august projector had contemplated the office of an English king.

"In the affairs of State, while his serene spirit and elevated position bore him above all the possible bias of party life, he showed, upon every great occasion, all the resources, all the prudence, and all the sagacity of an experienced and responsible statesman. Prince Albert was not a patron. He was not one of those who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress and improvement were far more powerful and far more precious. He gave to it his thought, his time, his toil, and he gave to it his life." And lovingly, devotedly, was he supported by the life-partner, or, as Carlyle expresses it, "his other self, who faithfully attended him in all his pilgrimage, cheerfully footing the heavy, intricate ways along with him, and by his side."

With such a Sovereign as Queen Victoria, the

..ish Constitution will survive, notwithstanding ... noisy declamation of itinerant demagogues, ...l the visionary dreams of disappointed re- ...blicans. Of the throne of England, it may be ...id in the words of the poet:—

> "That sat built on bosoms true,
> The Throne was but a centre,
> Round which love a circle drew,
> That treason dare not enter."

And here let me record an anecdote of Albert the Good, which has never yet appeared in print, and which reflects so much credit upon his kindness and consideration.

In the month of June, 1844, the Emperor of Russia was in England, and a review of the troops that could easily be got together in Windsor Park took place. Her Majesty, albeit in ...neral good health, was about to increase her ...nily, and her strict injunction to the late ...ke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief, ..., that the Royal salute should be dispensed ... Orders were accordingly given to the commanding the artillery, and the Queen, appointed hour, proceeded to the ground. driving alon... the Long Walk, and when

within some few yards of the spot where the troops were assembled, Her Majesty again referred to the subject, expressing a hope to the Warrior Duke that no mistake would occur.

"None can occur, Your Majesty," responded her faithful and loyal subject. "I've issued strict orders to the officer commanding the artillery." Scarcely had these words been uttered when the noise of the roaring guns was heard, and the Royal salute, which had been so much dreaded, was fired. "Order them to cease firing," cried the Duke to one of his aides-de-camp, who galloped off at a tremendous pace, to carry out his chief's instructions, but it was too late to countermand the order. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, Wellington sent another aide-de-camp to the officer commanding the artillery, saying that they were to retire to the rear, and take no part in the review, as the disobedience of his orders, so specially given, would be a subject of inquiry. The review proceeded, and during the day it oozed out that the error had occurred through the mistaken but well-intentioned zeal of an officer of the Militia, acting for the day on the Staff of the Commander-

in-chief, who, perceiving the royal and imperial *cortége* arrive, had himself galloped forward to give the order for a royal salute. Concluding that some change had taken place in the arrangements, and strengthened in such a supposition by the hasty approach of a staff-officer from the saluting point, the commanding officer of artillery gave the fatal order which deprived him and his gallant corps of the honour of taking part in the evolutions of the day.

It happened that he, the Colonel of the Artillery, had been honoured by a command to dine at Windsor Castle that evening, and with fear and trembling he made his appearence. His first step on arriving was to consult one of the Lords in Waiting to the Prince Consort, who had served throughout the Peninsular War, and at the battle of Waterloo, on Wellington's personal staff. The noble Lord, who was aware of the whole circumstance, took an opportunity of speaking to the Prince, pointing out the delicate position in which the commanding officer of the artillery stood, in having, by royal command, to attend a dinner given after a review in which he was unable to take a part.

The Prince, with that kindliness of disposition and consideration for the feelings of others for which, as I have already shown, he was so peculiarly conspicuous, at once crossed the room, and spoke a few words in season which gladdened the heart of the brave soldier. At dinner, His Royal Highness again addressed a few words to him across the table, thereby making the distinguished party aware that the Queen entirely exonerated the supposed offender from the slightest particle of blame. It was by such acts as these that "Albert the Good" endeared himself to all Englishmen.

As I have already remarked on those amiable qualities which have endeared Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales to all classes of society, I now only recur to that subject for the purpose of paying a just tribute to the heir to the throne. There is a native dignity and affability in his manner, a suavity and elegance in his style, even more calculated to procure him admiration as a man than obedience and respect as a Prince. He is, indeed, nature's gentleman, one who never for a moment shows

"Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts."

The mention of the Prince's name reminds me of an annoyance I was subject to on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood by His Royal Highness, when I, in my anger, thought that he who caused the *contretemps* was worthy a home in that most philanthropic Institution. After the ceremony had concluded, I was honoured with a command to attend the *déjeuner* given to the Prince. As some persons had entered the room uninvited, for covers were laid only for about eight and twenty, a strict order was given to admit no one except those whose names were upon the list, and to prevent mistakes the names were called out by one of the officials. All responded except myself, and again my name was called, but without any result. To explain this, I must inform my readers that the building, being extremely hot and oppressive, I had said to a constable from Reigate, that I was going

into the garden for a few minutes, but would be back for the breakfast.

"You'll know me again," said I to the Cerberus.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I shall know you again."

Off I started, and returned after enjoying what is familiarly termed "a mouthful of fresh air."

"Can't let you in," said my friend.

"Nonsense," I retorted, "you know me again."

"Yes; but my orders are not to allow any one to return."

"That, of course," I continued, "is not applicable to me."

"Applicable or not, you can't come in."

"May I stay here then?" thinking by so doing I might catch the eye of an official.

"Oh, yes, you may stay here, but no further."

All of a sudden I heard my name called. "There," said I, "I'm expected at the breakfast."

"Very sorry, but my orders are—"

Finding that it was a waste of breath to argue with this Dogberry, I remained patiently at the door-way, behind my guardian. After a time

the Prince came downstairs and passed the spot where I was.

"We expected you at the breakfast," said His Royal Highness in that kind, bland manner which characterises every sentence he utters.

"I should have attended Your Royal Highness, but unfortunately I have been kept in custody for the last hour."

To describe the look, the elongation of the constable's face, would be impossible; suffice it to say that, when his eyes and mouth were restored to their usual dimensions, he offered me the most ample apology, adding that he was not aware I was one of the gents honoured with an invitation. Although when I entered the breakfast room the turtle and iced champagne had been removed, I managed to *rough* it on some game-pie and claret cup.

I now approach a more serious subject, and one that I feel I cannot do justice to, the death of Napoleon III. Many lives of this great man having been written, I will confine myself to recording briefly my reminiscences of His Majesty, whose friendship I was honoured with for more than thirty years.

Shortly after the arrival of the Empress in England after the war, Lady William and myself received an invitation to Camden Place, Chislehurst, and upon the day appointed we proceeded there. Nothing could exceed the kind manner in which we were welcomed by the graceful Eugénie, who told us the Emperor was engaged for the moment, but would soon join us, as he was most anxious again to shake hands with his "*ancien ami*, Lord William." For more than half an hour we chatted with Her Majesty upon a variety of subjects, for we were soon put at our ease by her affability.

At last the conversation turned upon the Marquis of Bute, when the Empress said, "My *dame d'honneur* and myself have been studying Burke's Peerage all the morning, to ascertain what relationship there is between the Emperor and Lord Bute."

I replied that "Lord Dudley Stuart had married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and uncle to Napoleon III."

"Ah, *c'est drôle*," continued Her Majesty with much *naiveté;* "I find in this work that the only British peer who died regretted was Lord Dudley."

Both Lady William and myself were astounded at this remark.

"See here," said the Empress, handing me over what in Newmarket phraseology is called the "Human Stud-Book," and there, true enough, I read the following notice. "Lord Dudley Stuart died, deeply lamented, 17th November, 1854."

The entrance of the Emperor put an end to the peerage question, and I was delighted to find him looking so well. We talked over past events, and one thing struck me forcibly during that and many subsequent meetings, namely, that His Majesty never made a bitter or recriminating remark either against his open foes, his treacherous enemies, or his ungrateful countrymen, the scum of whom had nearly hounded to death the beloved partner, the life of his life. What a lesson did this interview afford me of the mutability of human affairs!

When first I met Louis Napoleon, some five-and-thirty years ago, he was an exile from his own country, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," living in comparative seclusion in a small residence in London. After a time the Prince removed to a splendid

mansion in Carlton Terrace, and there I had the honour of dining with him in August, 1840, a few days before he quitted England for France. Then followed the failure at Boulogne—the imprisonment at Ham—the escape from that fortress, May 1846—the *coup d'état*, December, 1851—and the acclamations which greeted him as Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, December 2nd, 1852—his marriage in January, 1853—the birth of his son, now the young, noble, manly Prince Napoleon, March 15th, 1856—but history has recorded all. Suffice it to say that during the above period I was honoured with many marks of His Majesty's condescension and favour, and when his "*Etude sur l'Artillerie*" was brought out, a presentation copy of the work was forwarded to me as a "*souvenir d'amitié de la part de l'auteur*," as were subsequently two volumes of "Cæsar." In addition to the above, I must record a *trait* which speaks volumes for Napoleon's remembrance of old friends.

In December, 1862, I passed through Paris on my way to Bordeaux, and on the afternoon of my arrival I walked to the Tuileries to write down my name. At the moment when I was quitting the

courtyard of the Palace, the Emperor drove up in an open carriage, having just returned from a visit to the provinces, and he graciously acknowledged by a friendly smile the obeisance I paid him. Early next morning, I left for the far-famed vinous city on the Garonne, and on my return to the Hôtel du Louvre, I was informed that on the morning of my departure one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp, bearing a message from the Emperor, had called at the hotel to command my attendance at the Palace. Being obliged to return to England, I wrote an explanatory note to Monsieur Mocquard, from whom I received a most gracious reply. Previous to this, I had been honoured with an interview by their Majesties, upon the occasion of their visit to the Queen and the late Prince Consort, in April, 1855.

No wonder then, when the war broke out with Prussia, that I took a deep interest in one who has an indefeasible right to be termed "*L'Homme du Siècle*," for such Napoleon III. unquestionably was until the fatal affair of Sedan; and upon his being taken prisoner I wrote a letter, which was graciously responded to by return of post. The autograph, interesting as it is, is rendered more

so by the fact that the paper and envelope bear the mark, "*Imprimerie de Metz.*"

During the month of August, 1872, when lounging in the gardens of the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, my attention was attracted by a crowd proceeding towards the Marine Hotel, and on inquiry I learnt that the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial had just landed, and were on their way to that hotel. It so happened that Lady William had on that morning received some choice hot-house flowers from a garden in Sussex; so, armed with a huge bouquet, I at once went to the hotel, sent up my card, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Empress. Nothing could exceed Her Majesty's cordiality as she told me the Emperor was too tired after his journey to see any one, but hoped that we would call the following day. This we accordingly did; and from that period until the 16th of September, when we left Cowes, we had almost daily intercourse with the Imperial party; and when they removed from the hotel to Beaulieu House, we had the honour of dining with their Majesties upon more than one occrsion. The accommodation at Beaulieu House was so scant

that the party only included their Majesties, their suite, and ourselves.

After dinner the Emperor went into his study, and was followed by the Prince Imperial and the gentlemen of his suite, and guests. There he smoked two cigarettes, and upon three evenings I had the good fortune to sit by his side for more than half an hour, and listen to his conversation, which generally turned upon past events in France, and his future prospects—alas! never to be realized. I well remember His Majesty saying that through his exertions universal suffrage had been introduced into France; and when I expressed a hope that the day would come when, by the voice of the country, he would be restored to his throne, his reply was—

"If the country at large wish me back, then indeed I may return."

During the time I was enjoying the conversation of the Emperor, the Prince Imperial was occupied drawing plans of battles, and arguing with some of the suite upon the strategy of war; and from the sketches His Imperial Highness made, which he showed the Emperor, and the remarks he made, I felt that the military

genius of Napoleon the First had descended in some degree to his great-nephew. And here I must record the deep affection that existed between the Emperor and the Prince, for in all my experience I never saw father or son so united. Need I add that the love of the Prince for his mother was only equalled by her love for him?

Upon joining the Empress, His Majesty would play a game of Patience, join in the conversation, or listen to a song. Scotch ballads, Scotch reels, and Moore's Irish Melodies were great favourites with the Emperor, who expressed much gratification at hearing them sung or played by Lady William.

When the Emperor first reached Cowes he walked lame, but understanding this to be caused by rheumatism in the knee, I thought nothing of it, as a short time after his arrival the lameness had left him.

On the 19th of September, in consequence of a gracious invitation to pass the evening at Beaulieu House, in company with my old friend Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, I went down expressly to Cowes, and then for the first time perceived that the

health of His Majesty was far from good. There was a dragged, worn expression about his countenance, which caused me much anxiety, nor was it decreased when the Emperor said,

"I have been obliged to give up my sea-water warm baths."

Upon expressing to one of the suite my apprehension that His Majesty had not reaped the benefit he had anticipated from his visit to Cowes, he replied,

"The Emperor appears low-spirited and ill to-day, in consequence of the sad tidings he has just received of the death of the King of Sweden."

This in some degree allayed my fears, especially as during the evening His Majesty told me how deeply he felt the death of "an old and tried friend, Charles the Fifteenth of Sweden."

Two days after Her Majesty's arrival, the Empress graciously accepted the invitation of Sir John and Lady Burgoyne to lunch and sail on board the *Iolanthe* schooner-yacht. It was, as the reader will probably remember, in Sir John's cutter-yacht, the *Gazelle*, that the Empress was conveyed from France to England when Paris was in the hands of the mob. Lady William and

myself were honoured with an invitation to accompany Her Majesty, and about twelve o'clock at noon we were on board. The Empress was, as usual, cheerful and pleasant, and, to adopt a common phrase, made everyone at home at once. There was scarcely a subject with which Her Majesty was not thoroughly acquainted.

An incident occurred during our cruise which affected the Empress much. On passing the *Gazelle* cutter, the crew, seeing the tricolour flag at our mast-head, and recognising the Empress, gave three of the heartiest cheers that were ever given by British sailors. For a few moments Her Majesty seemed overpowered with emotion. Probably the remembrance of that day when ungrateful France had driven her best friend to seek refuge in a foreign land may have been uppermost in her mind. All I know is that, when the crew of the *Iolanthe* responded to the cheers, it was with difficulty that the Empress could restrain her tears.

Hearing that the iron-clads, sixteen in number, were to be anchored at Spithead the following day, I wrote a letter to Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, saying

that I thought the Emperor would be highly gratified if he could have one of the Admiralty yachts placed at his disposal, from which he could see the combined squadrons. Sir Rodney sent a most gracious reply, informing me that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, his flag-captain, the Honourable Henry Glyn, would be off Cowes in the *Black Eagle*, and that he trusted the Imperial party would visit the *Devastation*, the works at Portsmouth, and honour him with their company at lunch at Government House. Upon communicating this to His Majesty, he at once said how happy the Empress and Prince Imperial would be to avail themselves of Sir Rodney's hospitality, but that he feared a slight attack of gout would prevent his joining the party.

At twelve o'clock on the morning of the 29th of August, the barge of the *Black Eagle* was at the Royal Yacht Castle Stairs, and shortly afterwards the Empress and party embarked, and were soon on board the Admiralty yacht, where they were received with due honours. We then proceeded to Spithead to inspect the iron-clads. During our cruise the Empress conversed upon

maritime affairs in a manner that not only surprised me as a landsman, but also astonished Captain Glyn. Her Majesty seemed to be perfectly cognisant of the names of the admirals and ships that had transported French troops, or had taken part in the war against Russia. Among other questions, one of Her Majesty's suite asked me whether there was not a club in London which went by the name of "The Rag." I answered in the affirmative, when the Empress said,

"What does that mean?"

I felt rather at a loss how to answer, and wished that I had a dictionary ready to refer to but, determined not to be beaten, I made a bold plunge, and translated the "Rag and Famish," as some one irreverently nicknamed one of the best clubs in London,

"*Le club des chiffonniers affamés*," *ou* "*Le club des affamés enguenillés.*"

This caused a hearty laugh, whether at my translation or at the idea of a society being thus unjustly scandalised, I know not. The party on board consisted of the Empress, the Prince Imperial, la Duchesse de Galistio, la Duchesse de

Montoro (nieces of Her Majesty), Sir John and Lady Burgoyne, Mademoiselle de Larminal, Comte d'Avillier, Baron Corvisart, M. Conneau, *fils*, Lady William Lennox, Mr. W. Lennox, myself, Flag-Captain the Honourable Henry Glyn, and Staff-Commander Forbes.

Upon landing at the dockyard, the admiral's carriages were in waiting to convey the party to see the *Devastation*, then in course of building, and I fancy Sir Leopold M'Clintock, admiral superintendent, must have been a little astonished at the questions asked, and the thorough insight the Empress appeared to have of the construction of men-of-war. During lunch at the Admiralty House, the band of the *Duke of Wellington* played in the garden, and I only refer to this to prove how thoughtful Her Majesty was; for before leaving I received her commands to convey to Mr. Sparrow, the band-master, and to the band, her high appreciation of their talent; it was the same feeling that prompted the Empress to express a wish to reward the crew of the barge that landed her from the *Black Eagle*.

Although we had been standing about a great part of the forenoon when inspecting the *Devas-*

tation, the Empress expressed a wish to see the works then in progress, and from her manner and conversation she evidently took the deepest interest in them. At about four o'clock we entered the admiral's barge, commanded by Lieut. Fitz-George, flag-lieutenant, and were soon on the deck of the Admiralty yacht. From the harbour we proceeded on board the *Minotaur*, Admiral Hornby, where the Empress was received by that gallant officer and those under his command, upon the quarter-deck; the men, seven hundred in number, paying the illustrious lady silent homage. Her Majesty, after visiting the admiral's cabins, gun-room, and ward-room, begged the admiral would take her over the other parts of the ship, as she was anxious to see the hospital, the cooking and washing apparatus, and the main-deck. During this truly interesting inspection, the Empress conversed with many of the officers, and several of the sailors, one and all of whom appeared delighted at the affability of Her Majesty. Upon leaving the *Minotaur*, and steaming through the fleet, every hat was raised, and the marines on duty presented arms.

After a thoroughly agreeable day we landed at Cowes about six o'clock, but not before Her Majesty had thanked Captain Glyn and Staff-Commander Forbes for their attention. Upon taking leave of Her Majesty, I was requested to communicate to Sir Rodney Mundy—to whom Her Majesty forwarded the autographs and photographs of the Emperor, herself, and the Prince Imperial—and Admiral Hornby, her sincere acknowledgments for their courtesy, adding a few flattering remarks to myself for the manner in which the cruise had been carried out—"*si bien organisé*" was the gracious expression used by the Empress—and here I hope that I shall not be charged with impropriety in laying before my readers two letters, not marked private, which I had the honour of receiving from Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy and Admiral Hornby.

"Admiralty House, Portsmouth,
"August 24th, 1872.

"Dear Lord William,

"I have been much gratified by the receipt of your note conveying to me the pleasing assurance that the Empress and Prince Imperial had been more than satisfied with my endeavours to show

them such little attention as it was in my power to do, my only regret being the Emperor was unable to accompany Her Majesty and the young Prince, whose affable manner and intelligence so delighted us all. Should the Emperor at any later period in the season feel disposed to visit the dockyard and to partake of luncheon at Admiralty House, the *Black Eagle* will be placed at His Majesty's disposal.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"RODNEY MUNDY."

"H.M.S. *Minotaur*,

"August 24th, 1872.

"Dear Lord William,

"I am very much obliged by your kind note of yesterday, and gratified by the very gracious message it conveys. I know that I am only expressing the opinion of every officer and man belonging to the ship, when I say that we are heartily grateful for the honour the Empress conferred by visiting this ship, and thus giving us an opportunity of seeing one who commands so large a share of the respect of every Englishman, not only for her exalted rank, but for the Christian love and charity she has ever displayed, but

so eminently during the time her subjects were afflicted by grievous sickness.

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"G. PHIPPS HORNBY."

Before leaving Cowes, I addressed the following letter to Comte d'Avillier :—

"Mon cher Comte,

"Nous partirons lundi, et je ne puis pas quitter Cowes sans prier que vous auriez la bonté d'exprimer à l'Empereur et l'Impératrice, de la part de Lady William et de la mienne, les sentiments les plus vifs de reconnaissance pour l'amabilité condescendante que leurs Majestés ont deigné de nous témoigner. Nous espérons de voir 'l'Homme du Siècle' rétabli sur son trône. Nous savons bien que Napoléon III. est le meilleur monarque qui a jamais regné sur la France; nous savons que l'Impératrice ne possède pas seulement la beauté et la grâce, mais que cette beauté "est," comme dit Shakespeare, "placé autour les pensées et conseils de son cœur," et nous rappelons le temps quand à Paris, pendant

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